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By WENTWORTH HILL, M.A

GOLDEN HOURS OF ENGLISH POETRY

THE LAND OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

THE LAND OF MANY DELIGHTS

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE THROUGH THE AGES

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN THROUGH THE AGES

THE BRITISH EMPIRE THROUGH THE AGES

AN ENGLISH HERITAGE



BY
WENTWORTH
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PREFACE

ALL who are concerned for true education will agree that it is of fundamental importance to awaken and foster in youthful minds a love for our magnificent heritage of English Literature. Very wisely do such Reports as *The Teaching of English in England*, *The Education of the Adolescent*, etc., stress over and over again the value and the necessity of training pupils to read widely, and to cultivate the literary taste and discrimination which will enable them to recognise and enjoy writing which has true merit.

Fortunately, many complete books by notable authors are found in our schools to-day. But time is limited, and the number of complete books which can be read through in school is limited too. It is good that scholars shall read some complete works of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Stevenson, and Marryat; but what of the others with whom they should be brought into contact? We cannot ignore the genius of Charlotte Brontë or the majesty of Milton; the stately eloquence of Macaulay or the terse vigour of Bunyan; the magical romance of William Morris or the virile prose of Conrad; the gentle grace of Lamb or the rollicking humour of Jacobs or Jerome; the earth-worship of Jefferies or the spell of Hudson.

A collection of worthy extracts from our greatest and our most attractive writers must thus remain a necessity in our schools; especially for those pupils who, after passing the first stage of laborious learning to read, or of having passages read to them, demand full scope and guidance for their selective and critical faculties.

Such a collection is provided by the four books of *An English Heritage*, with the additional introductory volume, *The Land of Romance and Adventure*. In selecting the extracts, every effort has been made to include only that which is of permanent value, and which may serve, by creating a well-informed general knowledge of books and their writers, to point the way to the Paradise of Literature. The books are carefully graded, both in the subjects and difficulty of the extracts, and in the exercises. The need for humour and the saving grace of laughter has not been

overlooked. The majority of the extracts are prose, but much fine verse, including one long poem in each book, is included. Each extract is long enough to tell a complete tale, and at the same time to be representative of the author's work.

Much care has been taken in compiling the Exercises. Their great aim is to develop the scholar's powers, not only of reading, but also of recognising and appreciating varying forms of literary skill and beauty. The second section in each set is designed to give a mastery of linguistic and grammatical form. Many of the questions are sufficiently easy to be answered by all normal pupils; but some in each set are more searching and afford scope for the more capable.

It is hoped and believed that the extracts in *An English Heritage* will fire many scholars to read the books from which they are taken. To facilitate this, a list of books is given at the end of each volume. Thus gradually, perhaps unconsciously, will the readers come to realise the truth of Milton's dictum :

“ A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit.”

For permission to print the following extracts and poems, grateful thanks are due to the following publishers, authors, and owners of copyright :

Messrs. James B. Pinker & Son, for *Typhoon*, from *Typhoon*, by Joseph Conrad.

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, for *The Lord of the Air*, from *Kindred of the Wild*.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., for *An Irish Sports Meeting*, from *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross; and for *The Squall*, from *She*, by Sir H. Rider Haggard.

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Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for *Down the Rhine on a Raft*, from *A Tramp Abroad*, by Mark Twain.

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W. H.

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AN ENGLISH HERITAGE

III

TYPHOON

— JOSEPH CONRAD —

Joseph Conrad (1856-1925), although not born an Englishman, was one of the greatest masters of English prose. This extract is from *Typhoon*. The *Nan-Shan*, a fine cargo-boat, was on her way to Fu-Chau, when she encountered a terrific gale. Captain MacWhirr was a stolid, fearless, unimaginative man; Jukes was the mate. "Rout" was chief engineer. The extract begins just as the first wild squall had struck the vessel.

JUKES was as ready a man as any half-dozen young mates that may be caught by casting a net upon the waters; and though he had been somewhat taken aback by the startling viciousness of the first squall, he had pulled himself together on the instant, had called out the hands and had rushed them along to secure such openings about the deck as had not been already battened down earlier in the evening. Shouting in his fresh, stentorian voice, "Jump, boys, and bear a hand!" he led in the work, telling himself the while that he had "just expected this."

But at the same time he was growing aware that this was rather more than he had expected. From the first stir of the air felt on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the accumulated impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the *Nan-Shan*.

from stem to stern, and instantly in the midst of her regular rolling she began to jerk and plunge as though she had gone mad with fright.

Jukes thought, "This is no joke." While he was exchanging explanatory yells with his captain, a sudden lowering of the darkness came upon the night, falling before their vision like something palpable. It was as if the masked lights of the world had been turned down. Jukes was uncritically glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as though that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken most of the gale's weight upon his shoulders. Such is the prestige, the privilege, and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no relief of that sort from any one on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. He was trying to see, with that watchful manner of a seaman who stares into the wind's eye as if into the eye of an adversary, to penetrate the hidden intention and guess the aim and force of the thrust. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity; he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not even discern the shadow of her shape. He wished it were not so; and very still he waited, feeling stricken by a blind man's helplessness.

To be silent was natural to him, dark or shine. Jukes, at his elbow, made himself heard yelling cheerily in the gusts, "We must have got the worst of it at once, sir." A faint burst of lightning quivered all round, as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge heads forward, as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind: it isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared—even, for a moment, his power of thinking; but his hand had found one of the rail-stanchions. His distress was by no means alleviated by an inclination to disbelieve the reality of this experience. Though young, he had seen some bad weather, and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst; but this was so much beyond his powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever. He would have been incredulous about himself in the same way, perhaps, had he not been so harassed by the necessity of exerting a wrestling effort against a force trying to tear him away from his hold. Moreover, the conviction of not being utterly destroyed returned to him through the sensations of being half-drowned, bestially shaken, and partly choked.

It seemed to him he remained there precariously alone with the stanchion for a long, long time. The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He breathed in gasps; and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspect-

ing his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily, he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing sea which put it out. He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched away from his embracing arms. After a crushing thump on his back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne upwards. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, he kept on repeating mentally, with the utmost precipitation, the words: "My God! My God! My God! My God!"

All at once, in a revolt of misery and despair, he formed the crazy resolution to get out of that. And he began to thresh about with his arms and legs. But as soon as he commenced his wretched struggles he discovered that he had become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and finally was himself caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick solid body. He had found his captain.

They tumbled over and over, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang; and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could.

Jukes came out of it rather horrified, as though he

had escaped some unparalleled outrage directed at his feelings. It weakened his faith in himself. He started shouting aimlessly to the man he could feel near him in that fiendish blackness, "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" till his temples seemed ready to burst. And he heard in answer a voice, as if crying far away, as if screaming to him fretfully from a very great distance, the one word "Yes!" Other seas swept again over the bridge. He received them defencelessly right over his bare head, with both his hands engaged in holding.

The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness: she pitched as if taking a header into a void, and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. When she rolled she fell on her side headlong, and she would be righted back by such a demolishing blow that Jukes felt her reeling as a clubbed man reels before he collapses. The gale howled and scuffled about gigantically in the darkness, as though the entire world were one black gully. At certain moments the air streamed against the ship as if sucked through a tunnel with a concentrated solid force of impact that seemed to lift her clean out of the water and keep her up for an instant with only a quiver running through her from end to end. And then she would begin her tumbling again as if dropped back into a boiling cauldron. Jukes tried hard to compose his mind and judge things coolly.

The sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm both ends of the *Nan-Shan* in snowy rushes of foam, expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. And on this dazzling sheet, spread under the blackness of the clouds and emitting a bluish glow, Captain MacWhirr could catch a desolate glimpse of a few tiny specks black as ebony, the tops of the hatches, the battened companions, the heads

of the covered winches, the foot of a mast. This was all he could see of his ship. Her middle structure, covered by the bridge which bore him, his mate, the closed wheelhouse where a man was steering shut up with the fear of being swept overboard together with the whole thing in one great crash—her middle structure was like a half-tide rock awash upon a coast. It was like an outlying rock with the water boiling up, streaming over, pouring off, beating round—like a rock in the surf to which shipwrecked people cling before they let go—only it rose, it sank, it rolled continuously, without respite and rest, like a rock that should have miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

The *Nan-Shan* was being looted by the storm with a senseless, destructive fury : trysails torn out of the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown away, bridge swept clean, weather-cloths burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when upon the white flash of another high sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had a vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block capering in the air, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, "Our boats are going now, sir."

And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the

gale ; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—
“All right.”

He thought he had not managed to make himself understood. “Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir ! Two gone !”

The same voice, within a foot of him and yet so remote, yelled sensibly, “Can't be helped.”

Captain MacWhirr had never turned his face, but Jukes caught some more words on the wind.

“What can—expect—when hammering through—such—— Bound to leave—something behind—stands to reason.”

Watchfully Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say ; and Jukes could picture to himself rather than see the broad squat back before him. An impenetrable obscurity pressed down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea. A dull conviction seized upon Jukes that there was nothing to be done.

If the steering-gear did not give way, if the immense volumes of water did not burst the deck in or smash one of the hatches, if the engines did not give up, if way could be kept on the ship against this terrific wind, and she did not bury herself in one of these awful seas, of whose white crests alone, topping high above her bows, he could now and then get a sickening glimpse—then there was a chance of her coming out of it. Something within him seemed to turn over, bringing uppermost the feeling that the *Nan-Shan* was lost.

“She's done for,” he said to himself, with a sur-

prising mental agitation, as though he had discovered an unexpected meaning in this thought. One of these things was bound to happen. Nothing could be prevented now, and nothing could be remedied. The men on board did not count, and the ship could not last. This weather was too impossible.

Jukes felt an arm thrown heavily over his shoulders ; and to this overture he responded with great intelligence by catching hold of his captain round the waist.

They stood clasped thus in the blind night, bracing each other against the wind, cheek to cheek and lip to ear, in the manner of two hulks lashed stem to stern together.

And Jukes heard the voice of his commander hardly any louder than before, but nearer, as though, starting to march athwart the prodigious rush of the hurricane, it had approached him, bearing that strange effect of quietness like the serene glow of a halo.

“D’ye know where the hands got to ? ” it asked, vigorous and evanescent at the same time, overcoming the strength of the wind, and swept away from Jukes instantly.

Jukes didn’t know. They were all on the bridge when the real force of the hurricane struck the ship. He had no idea where they had crawled to. Under the circumstances they were nowhere, for all the use that could be made of them. Somehow the Captain’s wish to know distressed Jukes.

“Want the hands, sir ? ” he cried apprehensively.

“Ought to know,” asserted Captain MacWhirr.
“Hold hard.”

They held hard. An outburst of unchained fury, a vicious rush of the wind absolutely steadied the ship ; she rocked only, quick and light like a child’s cradle, for a terrific moment of suspense, while the whole atmosphere, as it seemed, streamed furiously past her, roaring away from the tenebrous earth.

It suffocated them, and with eyes shut they tightened their grasp. What from the magnitude of the shock might have been a column of water running upright in the dark, butted against the ship, broke short, and fell on her bridge, crushingly, from on high, with a dead burying weight.

A flying fragment of that collapse, a mere splash, enveloped them in one swirl from their feet over their heads, filling violently their ears, mouths, and nostrils with salt water. It knocked out their legs, wrenched in haste at their arms, seethed away swiftly under their chins; and opening their eyes, they saw the piled-up masses of foam dashing to and fro amongst what looked like the fragments of a ship. She had given way as if driven straight in. Their panting hearts yielded too before the tremendous blow; and all at once she sprang up again to her desperate plunging, as if trying to scramble out from under the ruins.

The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob: hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon. Captain MacWhirr and Jukes kept hold of each other, deafened by the noise, gagged by the wind; and the great physical tumult beating about their bodies, brought, like an unbridled display of passion, a profound trouble to their souls. One of these wild and appalling shrieks that are heard at times passing mysteriously overhead in the steady roar of a hurricane, swooped, as if borne on wings, upon the ship, and Jukes tried to out-scream it.

“Will she live through this?”

The cry was wrenched out of his breast. It was as unintentional as the birth of a thought in the head, and he heard nothing of it himself. It all became extinct at

once—thought, intention, effort—and of his cry the inaudible vibration added to the tempest waves of the air.

He expected nothing from it. Nothing at all. For indeed what answer could be made? But after a while he heard with amazement the frail and resisting voice in his ear, the dwarf sound, unconquered in the giant tumult.

“She may!”

It was a dull yell, more difficult to seize than a whisper. And presently the voice returned again, half submerged in the vast crashes, like a ship battling against the waves of an ocean.

“Let’s hope so!” it cried—small, lonely, and unmoved, a stranger to the visions of hope or fear; and it flickered into disconnected words: “Ship . . . This . . . Never—anyhow . . . for the best.” Jukes gave it up.

Then, as if it had come suddenly upon the one thing fit to withstand the power of a storm, it seemed to gain force and firmness for the last broken shouts:

“Keep on hammering . . . builders . . . good men . . . And chance it . . . engines . . . Rout . . . good man.”

The *Nan-Shan* did not sink. As the captain said, she had been built by good men and Rout was a good man, and they “hammered through.”

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. The fact that almost the entire book *Typhoon* consists of a description of the storm is in itself a testimony to the writer's power. Had not Conrad possessed remarkable gifts, the reader would weary long before the end. As it is, the sense of breathless expectation and tension holds the attention fast. Explain these statements more fully from the extract.

2. This tension is the effect sought. It corresponds to the frame of mind of those who endured the storm. Note how the effect gradually heightens, paragraph by paragraph. Which passage, in your opinion, is the most telling?

3. Observe also the skilful character-drawing. Jukes was a brave young man, who rather despised his captain. But in the storm he was glad to have him on the bridge. Why was this?

4. Write a character-sketch of Captain MacWhirr, illustrating your points by quotations.

5. Write the story as Jukes told it to a friend.

6. Give an account of the storm, as Solomon Rout told it in a letter to his wife.

7. Explain fully the following statements:

"Such is the prestige, the privilege, and the burden of command."

"Such is the loneliness of command."

"Sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt."

"Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang."

"Somehow the Captain's wish to know distressed Jukes."

"She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob."

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. With the help of your Dictionary, find out the meaning of : *Palpable, obscurity, petrified, incredulous, incompatible, precariously, infinity, evanescent, tenebrous.*

2. Notice how a writer like Conrad will use a single word to express an idea that could otherwise be expressed only by a phrase or a sentence. For instance :

“ The darkness *palpitated* down.”

“ The *disintegrating* power of a great wind.”

“ The sensation of being *bestially* shaken.”

Rewrite these examples, replacing the words in italics by phrases with the same meaning. Find other examples.

3. Show the meaning of the prefix in : *Uncritically, disintegrating, irresistible, emitting, expanding, impenetrable, circumstances, suspense, resisting.*

Find other examples, in this extract, of the use of these prefixes.

4. The extract from *Typhoon* is remarkable for its use of vigorous Adjectives. Make a list of the Descriptive Adjectives it contains.

5. What Nouns correspond to these Adjectives: *Explanatory, secret, immense, moral, brutal, extravagant, destructive, impossible, real, ferocious* ?

6. Combine into one sentence :

“ *Watchfully Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say.*”

7. Write in full Captain MacWhirr's remarks of which we have these fragments :

“ *What can—expect—when hammering through—such—Bound to leave—something behind—stands to reason.*”

“ *Keep on hammering . . . builders . . . good men. . . . And chance it . . . engines . . . Rout . . . good man* ”

8. Add the following to your list of Latin roots :

<i>insula</i>	= an island,	as	in	insular.
<i>jus</i>	= right,	„	„	justice.
<i>laus</i>	= praise,	„	„	laudable.
<i>levis</i>	= light,	„	„	levity, lever.
<i>liber</i> (adj.)	= free,	„	„	liberal.
<i>liber</i> (noun)	= a book,	„	„	library.
<i>mare</i>	= the sea,	„	„	maritime.

Show, according to derivation, the meaning of : *Peninsula*, *insulate*, *alleviate*, *liberty*, *librarian*, *marine*, *submarine*, *just*, *laudatory*, *applaud*.

THE LORD OF THE AIR

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS —

Charles G. D. Roberts is a well-known writer about wild life. His tales of birds, beasts, and fishes are full of absorbing interest, and show a wonderful knowledge of their ways. The tale given here is from *Kindred of the Wild*.

I

THE chill glitter of the northern summer sunrise was washing down over the rounded top of old Sugar Loaf. The sombre and solitary peak, bald save for a ragged veil of blueberry and juniper scrub, seemed to topple over the deep enshadowed valley at its foot. The valley was brimmed with crawling vapours, and around its rim emerged spectrally the jagged crests of the fir wood. On either side of the shrouded valley, to east and west, stretched a chain of similar basins, but more ample, and less deeply wrapped in mist. From these, where the vapours had begun to lift, came radiances of unruffled water.

Where the peak leaned to the valley, the trunk of

a giant pine jutted forth slantingly from a roothold a little below the summit. Its top had long ago been shattered by lightning and hurled away into the depths; but from a point some ten or twelve feet below the fracture, one gaunt limb still waved green with persistent, indomitable life. This bleached stub, thrust out over the vast basin, hummed about by the untrammelled winds, was the watch-tower of the great bald eagle who ruled supreme over all the aerial vicinage of the Squatoons.

When the earliest of the morning light fell palely on the crest of Sugar Loaf, the great eagle came to his watch-tower, leaving the nest on the other side of the peak, where the two nestlings had begun to stir hungrily at the first premonition of dawn. Launching majestically from the edge of the nest, he had swooped down into the cold shadow, then, rising into the light by a splendid spiral, with muffled resonance of wing-stroke, he had taken a survey of the empty, glimmering world. It was still quite too dark for hunting, down there on earth, hungry though the nestlings were. He soared, and soared, till presently he saw his wide-winged mate, too, leave the nest, and beat swiftly off toward the Tuladi Lakes, her own special hunting-grounds. Then he dropped quietly to his blanched pine-top on the leaning side of the summit.

Erect and moveless he sat in the growing light, his snowy, flat-crowned head thrust a little forward, consciously lord of the air. His powerful beak, long and scythe-edged, curved over sharply at the end in a rending hook. His eyes, clear, direct, unacquainted with fear, had a certain hardness in their vitreous brilliancy, perhaps by reason of the sharp contrast between the bright gold iris and the unfathomable pupil, and the straight line of the low overhanging brow gave them a savage intensity of penetration.

His neck and tail were of the same snowy whiteness as his snake-like head, while the rest of his body was a deep, shadowy brown, close kin to black.

Suddenly, far, far down, winging swiftly in a straight line through the topmost fold of the mist drift, he saw a duck flying from one lake to another. The errand of the duck was probably an unwonted one, of some special urgency, or he would not have flown so high and taken the straight route over the forest; for at this season the duck of inland waters is apt to fly low and follow the watercourse. However that may be, he had forgotten the piercing eyes that kept watch from the peak of old Sugar Loaf.

The eagle lifted and spread the sombre amplitude of his wings, and glided from his perch in a long curve, till he balanced above the unconscious voyager. Then down went his head; his wings shut close, his feathers hardened till he was like a wedge of steel, and down he shot with breathless, appalling speed. But the duck was travelling fast, and the great eagle saw that the mere speed of dropping like a thunderbolt was insufficient for his purpose. Two or three quick, short, fierce thrusts of his pinions, and the speed of his descent was more than doubled. The duck heard an awful hissing in the air above him. But before he could swerve to look up he was struck, whirled away, blotted out of life.

Carried downward with his quarry by the rush of his descent, the eagle spread his pinions and rose sharply just before he reached the nearest tree-tops. High he mounted on still wings with that tremendous impulse. Then, as the impulse failed, his wings began to flap strongly, and he flew off with businesslike directness toward the eyrie on the other slope of Sugar Loaf. The head and legs of the duck hung limply from the clutch of his talons.

The nest was a seemingly haphazard collection of sticks, like a hay-cart load of rubbish, deposited on a ledge of the mountainside. In reality, every stick in the structure had been selected with care, and so adeptly fitted that the nest stood unshaken beneath the wildest storms that swept old Sugar Loaf. The ground below the ledge was strewn with the faggots and branches which the careful builders had rejected. The nest had the appearance of being merely laid upon the ledge, but in reality its foundations were firmly locked into a ragged crevice which cleft the ledge at that point.

As the eagle drew near with his prey, he saw his mate winging heavily from the Tuladis, a large fish hanging from her talons. They met at the nest's edge, and two heavy-bodied, soot-coloured, half-fledged nestlings, with wings half spread in eagerness, thrust up hungry, gaping beaks to greet them. The fish, as being the choicer morsel, was first torn to fragments and fed to these greedy beaks; and the duck followed in a few moments, the young ones gulping their meal with grotesque contortions and ecstatic liftings of their wings. Being already much more than half the size of their parents, and growing almost visibly, and expending vast vitality in the production of their first feathers, their appetites were prodigious. Not until these appetites seemed to be, for the moment, stayed, and the eaglets sank back contentedly upon the nest, did the old birds fly off to forage for themselves, leaving a bloody garniture of bones and feathers upon the threshold of their home.

The king—who, though smaller than his mate, was her lord by virtue of superior initiative and more assured, equable daring—returned at once to his watch-tower on the lake side of the summit. It had become his habit to initiate every enterprise from that starting-point. Perching motionless for a few minutes, he

surveyed the whole wide landscape of the Squatook Lakes, with the great waters of Lake Temiscouata gleaming to the north-west, and the peak of Bald Mountain, old Sugar Loaf's rival, lifting a defiant front from the shores of Nictau Lake, far to the south.

The last wisp of vapour had vanished, drunk up by the rising sun, and the eagle's eye had clear command of every district of his realm. It was upon the little lake far below him that his interest presently centred itself. There, at no great height above the unruffled waters, he saw a fish-hawk sailing, now tilted to one side or the other on moveless wing, now flapping hurriedly to another course, as if he were scrupulously quartering the whole lake surface.

The king recognised with satisfaction the diligence of this, the most serviceable, though most unwilling, of his subjects. In leisurely fashion he swung off from his perch, and presently was whirling in slow spirals directly over the centre of the lake. Up, up he mounted, till he was a mere speck in the blue, and seemingly oblivious of all that went on below; but, as he wheeled, there in his supreme altitude, his grim white head was stretched ever earthward, and his eyes lost no detail of the fish-hawk's diligence.

All at once the fish-hawk was seen to poise on steady wing. Then his wings closed, and he shot downward like a javelin. The still waters of the lake were broken with a violent splash, and the fish-hawk's body for a moment almost disappeared. Then, with a struggle and a heavy flapping of wings, the daring fisher arose, grasping in his victorious claws a large "togue" or grey lake trout. He rose till he was well above the tree-tops of the near-by shore, and then headed for his nest in the cedar swamp.

This was the moment for which the eagle had been waiting, up in the blue. Again his vast wings folded

themselves. Again his plumage hardened to a wedge of steel. Again he dropped like a plummet. But this time he had no slaughterous intent. He was merely descending out of the heavens to take tribute. Before he reached the hurrying fish-hawk he swerved upward, steadied himself, and flapped a menacing wing in the fish-hawk's face, heading it out again toward the centre of the lake.

Frightened, angry, and obstinate, the big hawk clutched his prize the closer, and made futile efforts to reach the tree-tops. But, fleet though he was, he was no match for the fleetness of his master. The great eagle was over him, under him, around him, all at once, yet never striking him. The king was simply indicating, quite unmistakably, his pleasure, which was that the fish should be delivered up.

Suddenly, however, seeing that the fish-hawk was obstinate, the eagle lost patience. It was time, he concluded, to end the folly. He had no wish to harm the fish-hawk—a most useful creature, and none too abundant for his kingly needs. In fact, he was always careful not to exact too heavy a tribute from the industrious fisherman, lest the latter should grow discouraged and remove to freer waters. Of the spoils of his fishing the big hawk was always allowed to keep enough to satisfy the requirements of himself and his nestlings. But it was necessary that there should be no foolish misunderstanding on the subject.

The eagle swung away, wheeled sharply with an ominous, harsh rustling of stiffened feathers, and then came at the hawk with a yelp and a sudden tremendous rush. His beak was half open. His great talons were drawn forward and extended for a deadly stroke. His wings darkened broadly over the fugitive. His sound, his shadow—they were doom itself, annihilation to the frightened hawk.



"The fish-hawk opened his claws, and the trout fell."

But that deadly stroke was not delivered. The threat was enough. Shrinking aside with a scream the fish-hawk opened his claws, and the trout fell, a gleaming bar of silver in the morning light. On the instant the eagle half closed his wings, tilted sideways, and swooped. He did not drop, as he had descended upon the voyaging duck, but with a peculiar shortened wing-stroke, he flew straight downward for perhaps a hundred feet. Then, with this tremendous impulse driving him, he shot down like lightning, caught the fish some twenty feet above the water, turned, and rose in a long, magnificent slant, with the tribute borne in his talons. He sailed away majestically to his watch-tower on old Sugar Loaf, to make his meal at leisure, while the ruffled hawk beat away rapidly down the river to try his luck in the lower lake.

Holding the fish firmly in the clutch of one great talon, the eagle tore it to pieces and swallowed it with savage haste. Then he straightened himself, twisted and stretched his neck once or twice, settled back into erect and tranquil dignity, and swept a kingly glance over all his domain, from the far head of Big Squatook, to the alder-crowded outlet of Fourth Lake. He saw unmoved the fish-hawk capture another prize, and fly off with it in triumph to his hidden nest in the swamp. He saw two more ducks winging their way from a sheltered cove to a wide, green reed-bed at the head of the thoroughfare. Being a right kingly monarch, he had no desire to trouble them. Untainted by the lust of killing, he killed only when the need was upon him.

Having preened himself with some care, polished his great beak on the dry wood of the stub, and stretched each wing, deliberately and slowly, the one after the other, with crisp rustling noises, till each strong-shanked plume tingled pleasantly in its socket and fitted with the utmost nicety to its overlapping fellows,

he bethought him once more of the appetites of his nestlings. There were no more industrious fish-hawks in sight. Neither hare nor grouse was stirring in the brushy opens. No living creatures were visible save a pair of loons chasing each other off the point of Sugar Loaf Island, and an Indian in his canoe just paddling down to the outlet to spear suckers.

The eagle knew that the loons were no concern of his. They were never to be caught napping. They could dive quicker than he could swoop and strike. The Indian also he knew, and from long experience had learned to regard him as inoffensive. He had often watched, with feelings as near akin to jealousy as his arrogant heart could entertain, the spearing of suckers and whitefish. And now the sight determined him to go fishing on his own account. He remembered a point of shoals on Big Squatook where large fish were wont to lie basking in the sun, and where sick or disabled fish were frequently washed ashore. Here he might gather some spoil of the shallows, pending the time when he could again take tribute of the fish-hawk. Once more he launched himself from his watch-tower under the peak of Sugar Loaf, and sailed away over the serried green tops of the forest.

II

Now it chanced that the old Indian, who was the most cunning trapper in all the wilderness of Northern New Brunswick, though he seemed so intent upon his fishing, was in reality watching the great eagle. He had anticipated, and indeed prepared for the regal bird's expedition to those shoals of the Big Squatook; and now, as he marked the direction of his flight, he clucked grimly to himself with satisfaction, and deftly landed a large sucker in the canoe.

That very morning, before the first pallor of dawn had spread over Squatook, the Indian had scattered some fish, trout and suckers, on the shore adjoining the shoal water. The point he chose was where a dense growth of huckleberry and withe-wood ran out to within a few feet of the water's edge, and where the sand of the beach was dotted thickly with tufts of grass. The fish, partly hidden among these tufts of grass, were all distributed over a circular area of a diameter not greater than six or seven feet; and just at the centre of the baited circle the Indian had placed a stone about a foot high, such as any reasonable eagle would like to perch upon when making a hasty meal. He was crafty with all the cunning of the woods, was this old trapper, and he knew that a wise and experienced bird like the king of Sugar Loaf was not to be snared by any ordinary methods. But to snare him he was resolved, though it should take all the rest of the summer to accomplish it; for a rich American visiting Edmundston on the Madawaska in the spring, had promised him fifty dollars for a fine specimen of the great white-headed and white-tailed eagle of the New Brunswick lakes, if delivered at Edmundston alive and unhurt.

When the eagle came to the point of shoals he noticed a slight change. That big stone was something new, and therefore to be suspected. He flew over it without stopping, and alighted on the top of a dead birch tree near by. A piercing scrutiny convinced him that the presence of the stone at a point where he was accustomed to hop awkwardly on the level sand, was in no way portentous, but rather a provision of destiny for his convenience. He sailed down and alighted upon the stone.

When he saw a dead sucker lying under a grass tuft he considered again. Had the fish lain at the water's

edge he would have understood ; but up among the grasses, that was a singular situation for a dead fish to get itself into. He now peered suspiciously into the neighbouring bushes, scanned every tuft of grass, and cast a sweeping survey up and down the shores. Everything was as it should be. He hopped down, captured the fish, and was about to fly away with it to his nestlings, when he caught sight of another, and yet another. Further search revealed two more. Plainly the wilderness, in one of those caprices which even his old wisdom had not yet learned to comprehend, was caring very lavishly for the king. He hastily tore and swallowed two of the fish, and then flew away with the biggest of the lot to the nest behind the top of old Sugar Loaf. That same day he came twice again to the point of shoals, till there was not another fish left among the grass tufts. But on the following day, when he came again, with hope rather than expectation in his heart, he found that the supply had been miraculously renewed. His labours thus were greatly lightened. He had more time to sit upon his wind-swept watch-tower under the peak, viewing widely his domain, and leaving the diligent fish-hawks to toil in peace. He fell at once into the custom of perching on the stone at every visit, and then devouring at least one fish before carrying a meal to the nest. His surprise and curiosity as to the source of the supply had died out on the second day. The wild creatures quickly learn to accept a simple obvious good, however extraordinary, as one of those beneficences which the unseen powers bestow without explanation.

By the time the eagle had come to this frame of mind, the old Indian was ready for the next move in his crafty game. He made a strong hoop of plaited withe-wood, about seven feet in diameter. To this he fastened an ample bag of strong salmon-netting,

which he had brought with him from Edmundston for this purpose. To the hoop he fixed securely a stiff birch sapling for a handle, so that the affair when completed was a monster scoop-net, stout and durable in every part. On a moonlight night when he knew that the eagle was safely out of sight, on his eyrie around at the back of Sugar Loaf, the Indian stuck this gigantic scoop into the bow of his canoe, and paddled over to the point of shoals. He had never heard of any one trying to catch an eagle in a net ; but, on the other hand, he had never heard of any one wanting an eagle alive, and being willing to emphasise his wants with fifty dollars. The case was plainly one that called for new ideas, and the Indian, who had freed himself from the conservatism of his race, was keenly interested in the plan which he had devised.

The handle of the great scoop-net was about eight feet in length. Its butt the trapper drove slantingly into the sand where the water was an inch or two deep, bracing it securely with stones. He fixed it at an angle so acute that the rim of the net lay almost flat at a height of about four feet above the stone whereon the eagle was wont to perch. Under the uppermost edge of the hoop the trapper fixed a firm prop, making the structure steady and secure. The drooping slack of the net he then caught up and held lightly in place on three or four willow twigs, so that it all lay flat within the rim. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he scattered fish upon the ground as usual, most of them close about the stone and within the area overshadowed by the net, but two or three well outside. Then he paddled noiselessly away across the moon-silvered mirror of the lake, and disappeared into the blackness about the outlet.

On the following morning the king sat upon his watch-tower while the first light gilded the leaning

summit of Sugar Loaf. His gaze swept the vast and shadowy basin of the landscape with its pointed tree-tops dimly emerging above the vapour-drift, and its blank, pallid spaces whereunder the lakes lay veiled in dream. His golden eye flamed fiercely under the straight and fierce white brow ; nevertheless, when he saw, far down, two ducks winging their way across the lake, now for a second visible, now vanishing in the mist, he suffered them to go unstricken. The clear light gilded the white feathers of his head and tail, but sank and was absorbed in the cloudy gloom of his wings. For fully half an hour he sat in regal immobility. But when at last the waters of Big Squatook were revealed, stripped and gleaming, he dropped from his perch in a tremendous, leisurely curve, and flew over to the point of shoals.

As he drew near, he was puzzled and annoyed to see the queer structure that had been erected during the night above his rock. It was inexplicable. He at once checked his flight and began whirling in great circles, higher and higher, over the spot, trying in vain to make out what it was. He could see that the dead fish were there as usual. And at length he satisfied himself that no hidden peril lurked in the near-by huckleberry thicket. Then he descended to the nearest tree-top and spent a good half-hour in moveless watching of the net. He little guessed that a dusky figure, equally moveless and far more patient, was watching him in turn from a thicket across the lake.

At the end of this long scrutiny the eagle decided that a closer investigation was desirable. He flew down and alighted on the level sand well away from the net. There he found a fish, which he devoured. Then he found another ; and this he carried away to the eyrie. He had not solved the mystery of the strange structure overhanging the rock, but he had

proved that it was not actively inimical. It had not interfered with his morning meal, or attempted to hinder him from carrying off his customary spoils. When he returned an hour later to the point of shoals the net looked less strange to him. He even perched on the sloping handle, balancing himself with outspread wings till the swaying ceased. The thing was manifestly harmless. He hopped down, looked with keen interested eyes at the fish beside the rock, hopped in and clutched one out with beak and claw, hopped back again in a great hurry, and flew away with the prize to his watch-tower on Sugar Loaf. This caution he repeated at every visit throughout that day. But when he came again on the morrow, he had grown once more utterly confident. He went under the net without haste or apprehension, and perched unconcernedly on the stone in the midst of his banquet. And the stony face of the old Indian, in his thicket across the lake, flashed for one instant with a furtive grin. He grunted, melted back into the woods, and slipped away to resume his fishing at the outlet.

The next morning, about an hour before dawn, a ghostly birch canoe slipped up to the point of shoals, and came to land about a hundred yards from the net. The Indian stepped out, lifted it from the water, and hid it in the bushes. Then he proceeded to make some important changes in the arrangement of the net.

To the topmost rim of the hoop he tied a strong cord, brought the free end to the ground, led it under a willow root, and carried it some ten paces back into the thicket. Next he removed the supporting prop. Going back into the thicket, he pulled the cord. It ran freely under the willow root, and the net swayed down till it covered the rock, to rebound to its former position the moment he released the cord. Then he restored the prop to its place; but this time, instead

of planting its butt firmly in the sand, he balanced it on a small flat stone, so that the least pull would instantaneously dislodge it. To the base of the prop he fixed another cord ; and this also he ran under the willow root and carried back into the thicket. To the free end of this second cord he tied a scrap of red flannel, that there might be no mistake at a critical moment. The butt of the handle he loosened, so that if the prop were removed the net would almost fall of its own weight ; and on the upper side of the butt, to give steadiness and speed of action, he leaned two heavy stones. Finally, he baited his trap with the usual dead fish, bunching them now under the centre of the net. Then, satisfying himself that all was in working order, he wormed his way into the heart of the thicket. A few leafy branches, cunningly disposed around and above his hiding-place, made his concealment perfect, while his keen black beads of eyes commanded a clear view of the stone beneath the net. The ends of the two cords were between his lean fingers. No waiting fox or hiding grouse could have lain more immovable, could have held his muscles in more patient perfect stillness, than did the wary old trapper through the chill hour of growing dawn.

At last there came a sound that thrilled even such stoic nerves as his. Mighty wings hissed in the air above his head. The next moment he saw the eagle alight upon the level sand beside the net. This time there was no hesitation. The great bird, for all his wisdom, had been lured into accepting the structure as a part of the established order of things. He hopped with undignified alacrity right under the net, clutched a large whitefish, and perched himself on the stone to enjoy his meal.

At that instant he felt, rather than saw, the shadow of a movement in the thicket. Or rather, perhaps,

some inward, unaccredited guardian signalled to him of danger. His muscles gathered themselves for that instantaneous spring wherewith he was wont to hurl himself into the air. But even that electric speed of his was too slow for this demand. Ere he could spring, the great net came down about him with a vicious swish ; and in a moment beating wings, tearing beak, and clutching talons were helplessly intertangled in the meshes. Before he could rip himself free, a blanket was thrown over him. He was ignominiously rolled into a bundle, picked up, and carried off under the old Indian's arm.

III

WHEN the king was gone, it seemed as if a hush had fallen over the country of the Squatooks. When the old pine beneath the toppling peak of Sugar Loaf had stood vacant all the long golden hours of the morning, two crows flew up from the fir-woods to investigate. They hopped up and down on the sacred seat, cawing impertinently and excitedly. Then in a sudden flurry of apprehension they darted away. News of the great eagle's mysterious absence spread quickly among the wood folk—not by direct communication, indeed, except in the case of the crows, but subtly and silently, as if by some telepathic code intelligible alike to mink and woodmouse, kingfisher, and lucifée.

When the moon had gone by, and the shadow of Sugar Loaf began to creep over the edge of the nest, the old mother eagle grew uneasy at the prolonged absence of her mate. Never before since the nestlings broke the shell had he been so long away. Never before had she been compelled to realise how insatiable were the appetites of her young. She flew around to the pine tree on the other side of the peak—and finding it vacant, something told her it had been long

unoccupied. Then she flew hither and thither over all the lakes, a fierce loneliness growing in her heart. From the long grasses around the mouth of the thoroughfare between third and fourth lakes a heron arose, flapping wide bluish wings, and she dropped upon it savagely. However her wild heart ached, the nestlings must be fed. With the long limp neck and slender legs of the heron trailing from her talons, she flew away to the eyrie; and she came no more to the Squatooks.

The knowledge of all the woodfolk around the lakes had been flashed in upon her, and she knew some mysterious doom had fallen upon her mate. Thereafter, though the country of the Squatooks was closer at hand and equally well stocked with game, and though the responsibilities of her hunting had been doubled, she kept strictly to her old hunting-ground of the Tuladis. Everything on the north side of old Sugar Loaf had grown hateful to her; and unmolested, within half a mile of the eyrie, the diligent fish-hawks plied their craft, screaming triumphantly over every capture. The male, indeed, growing audacious after the king had been a whole week absent, presumed so far as to adopt the old pine tree under the peak for his perch, to the loud and disconcerting derision of the crows. They flocked blackly about with vituperative malice, driving him to forsake his seat of usurpation and soar indignantly to heights where they could not follow. But at last the game palled upon their whimsical fancies, and they left him in peace to his aping of the king.

Meanwhile, in the village of Edmundston, in the yard of a house that stood ever enfolded in the sleepless roar of the Falls of Madawaska, the king was eating out his sorrowful and tameless heart. Around one steely-scaled leg, just above the spread of the mighty claws, he wore the ragged ignominy of a bandage of

soiled red flannel. This was to prevent the chafing of the clumsy and rusty dog-chain which secured him to his perch in an open shed that looked out upon the river. Across the river, across the cultivated valley with its roofs, and farther across the forest hills than any human eye could see, his eye could see a dim summit, as it were a faint blue cloud on the horizon, his own lost realm of Sugar Loaf. Hour after hour he would sit upon his rude perch, unstirring, unwinking, and gaze upon this faint blue cloud of his desire.

From his jailers he accepted scornfully his daily rations of fish, ignoring the food while any one was by, but tearing it and gorging it savagely when left alone. As week after week dragged on, his hatred of his captors gathered force, but he showed no sign. Fear he was hardly conscious of ; or, at least, he had never felt that panic fear which unnerves even kings, except during the one appalling moment when he felt the falling net encumber his wings, and the trapper's smothering blanket shut out the sun from his eyes. Now, when any one of his jailers approached and sought to win his confidence, he would shrink within himself and harden his feathers with wild inward aversion, but his eye of piercing gold would neither dim nor waver, and a clear perception of the limits of his chain would prevent any futile and ignoble struggle to escape. Had he shown more fear, more wildness, his jailers would have more hope of subduing him in some measure ; but as it was, being back-country men with some knowledge of the wilderness folk, they presently gave him up as tameless and left off troubling him with their attentions. They took good care of him, however, for they were to be well paid for their trouble when the rich American came for his prize.

At last he came ; and when he saw the king he was

glad. Trophies he had at home in abundance—the skins of lions which he had shot on the Zambesi, of tigers from Himalayan foothills, of grizzlies from Alaskan cañons, and noble heads of moose and caribou from these very highlands of Squatook, whereon the king had been wont to look from his dizzy gyres of flight above old Sugar Loaf. But the great white-headed eagle, who year after year had baffled his woodcraft and eluded his rifle, he had come to love so that he coveted him alive. Now, having been apprised of the capture of so fine and well known a bird as the king of old Sugar Loaf, he had brought with him an anklet of thick, soft leather for the illustrious captive's leg, and a chain of wrought-steel links, slender, delicate, and strong. On the morning after his arrival the new chain was to be fitted.

The great eagle was sitting erect upon his perch, gazing at the faint blue cloud which he alone could see, when two men came to the shed beside the river. One he knew. It was his chief jailer, the man who usually brought fish. The other was a stranger, who carried in his hand a long, glittering thing that jangled and stirred a vague apprehension in his heart. The jailer approached, and with a quick movement wrapped him in a coat, till beak and wings and talons alike were helpless. There was one instinctive, convulsive spasm within the wrapping, and the bundle was still, the great bird being too proud as well as too wise to waste force in a vain struggle.

"Seems pretty tame already," remarked the stranger in a tone of satisfaction.

"Tame!" exclaimed the countryman. "Them's the kind as don't tame. I've give up trying to tame him. Ef you keep him, an' feed him, an' coax him for ten year, he'll be as wild as the day Gabe snared him up on Big Squatook."

"We'll see," said the stranger, who had confidence in his knowledge of the wild folk.

Seating himself on a broken-backed chair just outside the shadow of the shed, where the light was good, the countryman held the motionless bundle firmly across his knees, and proceeded cautiously to free the fettered leg. He held it in an inflexible grip, respecting those knife-edged claws. Having removed the rusty dog-chain and the ignominious red flannel bandage, he fitted dexterously the soft leather anklet, with its three tiny silver buckles, and its daintily engraved plate, bearing the king's name with the place and date of his capture. Then he reached out his hand for the new steel chain.

The eagle, meanwhile, had been slowly and imperceptibly working his head free; and now, behind the countryman's arm, he looked out from the imprisoning folds of the coat. Fierce, wild, but unaffrighted, his eye caught the glitter of the chain as the stranger held it out. That glitter moved him strangely. On a sudden impulse he opened his mighty beak, and tore savagely at the countryman's leg.

With a yell of pain and surprise the man attempted to jump away from this assault. But as the assailant was on his lap this was obviously impossible. The muscles of his leg stiffened out instinctively—and the broken-backed chair gave way under the strain. Arms and legs flew wildly in the air as he sprawled backward—and the coat fell apart—and the eagle found himself free. The stranger sprang forward to clutch his treasured captive, but received a blinding buffet from the great wings undestined to captivity. The next moment the king bounded upward. The air whistled under his tremendous wing-strokes. Up, up he mounted, leaving the men to gape after him, flushed

and foolish. Then he headed his flight for that faint blue cloud beyond the hills.

That afternoon there was a difference in the country of the Squatooks. The nestlings in the eyrie—bigger and blacker and more clamorous they were now than when he went away—found more abundant satisfaction to their growing appetites. Their wide-winged mother, hunting away on Tuladi, hunted with more joyous heart. The fish-hawks on the Squatook waters came no more near the blasted pine ; but they fished more diligently, and their hearts were big with indignation over the spoils which they had been forced to deliver up.

The crows far down in the fir-tops were garrulous about the king's return, and the news spread swiftly among the mallards, the muskrats, the hares, and the careful beavers. And the solitude about the toppling peak of old Sugar Loaf seemed to resume some lost sublimity, as the king resumed his throne among the winds.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. C. G. D. Roberts wrote stories of animals and birds in a form which was new. Based upon a remarkable knowledge of the habits of creatures of the wild, his stories show a wonderful power of entering into their thoughts, their feelings, and the motives underlying their actions. How did he obtain this knowledge ?

2. The author is a Canadian, and this story has its scene in Canada. Hence certain creatures and plants referred to are strange to us. Look up in an Encyclopædia, and write short descriptions of : *The blueberry, the huckleberry, the juniper, the loon, the mink, the lucifée (lynx), the muskrat, the fish-hawk.*

3. Note the simple, direct writing, extremely clear and easy to follow. Observe also the force and vigour with which movements are depicted. Select examples.

4. In the most thrilling passages, notice the short, quick, almost fierce sentences. For instance :

“ *The next moment the king bounded upward. The air whistled under his tremendous wing strokes. Up, up he mounted, leaving the men to gape after him, flushed and foolish. Then he headed his flight for that faint blue cloud beyond the hills.*”

Combine these into one long sentence, read it aloud, and note how weak it is compared with the passage as it stands.

5. Craft was matched against craft. Why did the Indian triumph ?

6. Why does one rejoice that the eagle recovered his liberty ? Search the author's book *Kings in Exile* for stories giving the reverse picture.

7. Write an essay on “ *The Cruelty of Caging Wild Birds.*”

8. Write a letter from the rich American, explaining to a friend how the eagle was lost.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Look up the meaning of : *Sombre, vitreous, pinions, eyrie, adeptly, grotesque, contortions, scrupulously, regal, immobility, inimical, stoic.*

2. Show by explaining the words the meaning of the prefixes in : *Premonition, unconscious, misunderstanding, extraordinary, inexplicable, supporting, ignominiously.*

Find other examples in the extract.

3. Explain, with special attention to italicised words :

“ The valley was brimmed with *crawling* vapours, and around its rim emerged *spectrally* the jagged crests of the fir wood.”

"The king . . . was her *lord* by virtue of superior initiative and more assured, *equable* daring."

"His sound, his shadow—they were *doom* itself, *annihilation* to the frightened hawk."

"*Untainted* by the lust of killing, he killed only when the need was upon him."

4. We are told that the Indian was *crafty* with the *cunning* of the woods. It is interesting to note that both these words "*crafty*," "*cunning*," which now have a rather evil sense, had no such meaning originally. They both meant skill, knowledge. The *crafty* or *cunning* man was the one who was skilled in his craft or occupation. We get the original sense still in *handicraft*, *craftsman*, etc.

Explain the following :

"He seeketh unto him a *cunning* workman to prepare a graven image" (Isa. xl. 20).

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her *cunning*" (Ps. cxxxvii.).

"And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee ; and no *craftsman*, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee" (Rev. xviii. 22).

5. The word "*eaglet*" has a suffix, *-et*, meaning *little*. In *nestling* we find the suffix, *-ling*, with the same meaning. Other suffixes with the same force are *-ock* and *-kin*. Give a list of words with these suffixes.

6. Analyse :

"He remembered a point of shoals on Big Squatook."

"Once more he launched himself from his watch-tower."

"That very morning the Indian had scattered some fish, trout and suckers, on the shore adjoining the shoal water."

"The stony face of the old Indian, in his thicket across the lake, flashed for one instant with a furtive grin."

AN IRISH SPORTS MEETING

—E. Æ. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS—

E. Æ. Somerville and Martin Ross, two ladies living in Ireland, wrote the imperishable sketches of Irish life, especially sporting life, which are to be found in the volumes, *The Irish R.M. and his Experiences*, *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, *In Mr. Knox's Country*, *All on the Irish Shore*, and *Some Irish Yesterdays*. It is from the first that the following extract is taken. The tales are related by Major Yeates, the resident-magistrate; Flurry Knox is a local sporting landowner, and Slipper an Irish peasant.

DURING the next few days I realised the true inwardness of what it was to be prepared for an entertainment of this kind. Games were not at a high level in my district. Football, of a wild, guerilla species, was waged intermittently, blended in some inextricable way with Home Rule and a brass band, and on Sundays gatherings of young men rolled a heavy round stone along the roads—a rudimentary form of sport whose fascination lay primarily in the fact that it was illegal, and, in lesser degree, in betting on the length of each roll. I had had a period of enthusiasm, during which I thought I was going to be the apostle of cricket in the neighbourhood, but my mission dwindled to single wicket with Peter Cadogan, who was indulgent but bored, and I swiped the ball through the dining-room window, and some one took one of the stumps to poke the laundry fire. Once a year, however, on that festival of the Roman Catholic Church which is familiarly known as "Pether and Paul's Day," the district was wont to make a spasmodic effort at athletic sports, which were duly patronised by the gentry and promoted by the publicans, and this

year the honour of a steward's green rosette was conferred upon me.

It chanced that Flurry Knox had on this occasion lent the fields for the sports, with the proviso that horse-races and a tug-of-war were to be added to the usual programme ; Flurry's participation in events of this kind seldom failed to be of an inflaming character. As he and I planted larch spars for the high jump, and stuck furze-bushes into hurdles (locally known as "hurrls"), and skirmished hourly with people who wanted to sell drink on the course, I thought that my next summer leave would singularly coincide with the festival consecrated to St. Peter and St. Paul. We made a grand stand of quite four feet high, out of old fish-boxes, which smelt worse and worse as the day wore on, but was, none the less, as sought after by those for whom it was not intended, as is the Royal Enclosure at Ascot ; we broke gaps in all the fences to allow carriages on to the ground, we armed a gang of the worst blackguards in Skebawn with cart-whips, to keep the course, and felt that organisation could go no further.

The momentous day of Pether and Paul opened badly, with heavy clouds and every indication of rain, but after a few thunder-showers things brightened, and it seemed within the bounds of possibility that the weather might hold up.

The races began with a competition known as the "Hop, Step, and Lep" ; this, judging by the yells, was a highly interesting display, but as it was conducted between two impervious rows of onlookers, the aristocracy on the fish-boxes saw nothing save the occasional purple face of a competitor, starting into view above the wall of backs like a jack-in-the-box. For me, however, the odorous sanctuary of the fish-boxes was not to be. I left it guarded by Slipper with a cart-whip

of flail-like dimensions, as disreputable an object as could be seen out of low comedy, with some one's old white cords on his bandy legs, butcher-boots three sizes too big for him, and a black eye. The small boys fled before him; in the glory of his office he would have flailed his own mother off the fish-boxes had occasion served.

I had an afternoon of decidedly mixed enjoyment. My stewardship blossomed forth like Aaron's rod, and added to itself the duties of starter, handicapper, general referee, and chucker-out, besides which I from time to time strove with emissaries who came from Philippa with messages about water and kettles. Flurry and I had to deal single-handed with the foot-races (our brothers in office being otherwise engaged at Mr. Sheehy's), a task of many difficulties, chiefest being that the spectators all swept forward at the word "Go!" and ran the race with the competitors, yelling curses, blessings, and advice upon them, taking short cuts over anything and everybody, and mingling inextricably with the finish. By fervent applications of the whips, the course was to some extent purged for the quarter-mile, and it would, I believe, have been a triumph of handicapping had not an unforeseen disaster overtaken the favourite—old Mrs. Knox's bath-chair boy. Whether, as was alleged, his braces had or had not been tampered with by a rival, was a matter that the referee had subsequently to deal with in the thick of a free fight.

The tug-of-war followed close on this *contretemps*, and had the excellent effect of drawing away, like a blister, the inflammation set up by the grievances of the bath-chair boy. I cannot at this moment remember of how many men each team consisted; my sole aim was to keep the numbers even, and to baffle the volunteers who, in an ecstasy of sympathy, attached themselves to the tail of the rope at moments when their



"The tug-of-war continued unabated."

champions weakened. The rival forces dug their heels in and tugged, in an uproar that drew forth the innermost line of customers from Mr. Sheehy's porter tent, and even attracted "the quality" from the haven of the fish-boxes, Slipper, in the capacity of Squire of Dames, pioneering Lady Knox through the crowd with his cart-whip, and with language whose nature was providentially veiled, for the most part, by the din. The tug-of-war continued unabated. One team was getting the worst of it, but hung doggedly on, sinking lower and lower till they gradually sat down ; nothing short of the trump of judgment could have conveyed to them that they were breaking rules, and both teams settled down by slow degrees on to their sides, with the rope under them, and their heels still planted in the ground, bringing about complete deadlock. I do not know the record duration for a tug-of-war, but I can certify that the Cullinagh and Knockranny teams lay on the ground at full tension for half an hour, like men in apoplectic fits, each man with his respective adherents howling over him, blessing him, and adjuring him to continue.

With my own nauseated eyes I saw a bearded countryman, obviously one of Mr. Sheehy's best customers, fling himself on his knees beside one of the combatants, and kiss his crimson and streaming face in a rapture of encouragement. As he shoved unsteadily past me on his return journey to Mr. Sheehy's, I heard him informing a friend that "he cried a handful over Danny Mulloy, when he seen the poor brave boy so shtubborn, and, indeed, he couldn't say why he cried."

"For good-nature ye'd cry," suggested the friend.

"Well, just that, I suppose," returned Danny Mulloy's admirer resignedly ; "indeed, if it was only two cocks ye seen fightin' on the road, yer heart'd take part with one o' them !"

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This rollicking tale is from a volume full of good things. Read it if possible. You will then wish to go on to the other volumes in which Major Yeates, Flurry Knox, Slipper, and the others appear—*Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, *In Mr. Knox's Country*, and *The Irish R.M. and his Experiences*.

2. The writing is extremely lively and spirited. Note, for instance, the brief but very amusing picture of the Major as "*the apostle of cricket*," and the account of his duties as steward. What other illustrations are there?

3. As befits the subject, the writing is not in the least formal or solemn or stately. But there are very terse, telling phrases, as for instance in the passage beginning "*We made a grand stand of quite four feet high . . .*" Select other examples.

4. Occasionally the lively language verges on "slang." For example, "*He shoved unsteadily past me.*" Copy out other instances.

5. Yet these do not appear unfitting. Why is this?

6. Write a character-sketch of Slipper.

7. Give an account of these sports, as Lady Knox wrote it to a friend.

8. Describe a horse-race which you think might have taken place at these sports. Be careful to avoid anything tragic.

9. Write such an account of these sports as might have appeared in the local newspaper.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Look up the meaning of : *Guerilla, spasmodic, impervious, disreputable, emissaries, seclusion, contretemps, ecstasy, pioneering.*

2. What words express the same meaning as : *Illegal, disreputable, unforeseen, adherents, intermittently, indication, coincide, fascination ?*

3. Rewrite at greater length, so as to give in each sentence an explanation of the fact stated :

" Flurry's participation in events of this kind seldom failed to be of an inflaming character."

" I thought that my next summer leave would singularly coincide with the festival consecrated to St. Peter and St. Paul."

" We made a grand stand of quite four feet high, out of old fish-boxes, which smelt worse and worse as the day wore on, but was, none the less, as sought after by those for whom it was not intended, as is the Royal Enclosure at Ascot."

" My stewardship blossomed forth like Aaron's rod."

4. Condense the account of the tug-of-war to a passage of ten lines.

5. Nouns and Pronouns have what is called *Case*. This originally showed the relation between the Noun and other parts of the sentence. This is best seen by taking, not an English noun, but one in a language like Latin. For example, the word for *eagle* in Latin is *aquila*, and there is a different form of the word to express these meanings : *eagle* (Subject of the sentence), *eagle* (Object), *of an eagle*, *to an eagle*, *by an eagle*. These forms are : *Aquilă, aquilam, aquilae, aquilae, aquilă*. Altogether, there are six Cases in Latin. But in English most of our separate Case-endings have been lost, and the various meanings or relations are indicated by Prepositions. The Cases which are still used are :

- (a) The Nominative Case, where the word is the Subject of the sentence.
- (b) The Accusative (or Objective) Case, where the word is the Object of the sentence. In the case of Nouns, these two forms (Nominative and Accusative) are the same, but they vary in certain Pronouns (e.g., *who, whom; he, him; she, her; we, us; they, them*).
- (c) The Genitive (or Possessive) Case, which indicates possession, e.g., *the lady's hat*.

The Genitive Case is indicated in Nouns by using the apostrophe before *s* for Singular Nouns, or after the *s* in Plural Nouns, e.g., *the lady's hat, the ladies' hats*.

[The word "Case" means "a falling," and the idea was that the Nominative Case was the main one, the others falling or declining from that.]

6. From the extract *An Irish Sports Meeting*, make a list of ten Nouns in the Nominative Case, ten in the Accusative Case, and ten in the Genitive Case.

LONDON SNOW

— ROBERT BRIDGES —

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,
 In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
 Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
 Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;
 Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;
 Lazily and incessantly floating down and down:
 Silently sifting and veiling road, roof, and railing;
 Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
 Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.
 All night it fell, and when full inches seven

It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling white-
ness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn
air ;

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-
balling ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
“ O look at the trees ! ” they cried, “ O look at the
trees ! ”

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the
snow ;

And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they
go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the
charm they have broken.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. In this grave and beautiful poem notice how the steady, gentle cadence of the opening lines is in harmony with the subject.
2. Notice the skilful use of Adjectives, some of them rather unusual in form or use : *e.g.*, "The depth of its *uncompacted* lightness." Find other examples.
3. Show that there is a vivid contrast between the pure dazzling snow and the long trains of *sombre* men ?
4. Why were they *sombre* ?
5. Why were even these *sombre* men influenced by the snow ?
6. Copy out six lines of the poem, dividing each line into feet and marking the accents.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Words with the same meaning are called *Synonyms*. There are few perfect Synonyms, for words which at first sight appear to have quite the same meaning will often be found, on further examination, to be used with slightly varying shades of meaning. Thus, *pretty* and *beautiful* are not perfect Synonyms, as you will see if you will try to replace one by the other in these phrases : "A *beautiful* day" ; "A *beautiful* voice." Yet their uses are so nearly alike that they may be called Synonyms. Examine other examples.
2. Write Synonyms for : *Perpetually, drowsy, stealthily, incessantly, stillness, cares, dispersed, sparkling, sombre, labour, sorrow.*

3. Give the Case of all the Nouns and Pronouns in the following lines :

(a) "*Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing.*"

(b) "*When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.*"

4. Write a paraphrase of the first fourteen lines of the poem.

WINTER ANIMALS

— HENRY DAVID THOREAU —

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was a well-known American writer. In 1845 he determined to live for a time in solitude, and accordingly built himself a log house at Walden, a delightful forest-spot near Concord, and lived there nearly three years. In his charming volume, *Walden*, he gives an account of his life and meditations there. The extract that follows is part of a chapter dealing with the birds and beasts he observed during the winter months, when the great ponds there were frozen.

WHEN the ponds were firmly frozen, they afforded not only new and shorter routes to many points, but new views from their surfaces of the familiar landscape around them. When I crossed Flint's Pond, after it was covered with snow, though I had often paddled about and skated over it, it was so unexpectedly wide and so strange that I could think of nothing but Baffin's Bay. In Goose Pond, a colony of musk-rats dwelt, and raised their cabins high above the ice, though none could be seen abroad when I crossed it.

For sounds in winter nights, and often in winter days, I heard the forlorn but melodious notes of a

hooting owl indefinitely far ; such a sound as the frozen earth would yield if struck with a suitable plectrum, the very *lingua vernacula* of Walden Wood, and quite familiar to me at last, though I never saw the bird while it was making it. I seldom opened my door in a winter evening without hearing it ; *Hoo hoo hoo, hooer hoo*, sounded sonorously, and the first three syllables accented somewhat like *how der do* ; or sometimes *hoo hoo* only. One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. They passed over the pond toward Fairhaven, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore honking all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and *boo-hoo* him out of Concord horizon. What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me ? Do you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not got lungs and a larynx as well as yourself ? *Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo !* It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, if you had a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.

Sometimes I heard the foxes as they ranged over the snow crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly and demoniacally like forest dogs, as if labouring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light and

to be dogs outright and run freely in the streets ; for if we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilisation going on among brutes as well as men ? They seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation. Sometimes one came near to my window, attracted by my light, barked a vulpine curse at me, and then retreated.

Usually the red squirrel waked me in the dawn, coursing over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for this purpose. In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet-corn, which had not got ripe, on to the snow crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the various animals which were baited by it. In the twilight and the night the rabbits came regularly and made a hearty meal. All day long the red squirrels came and went, and afforded me much entertainment by their manœuvres. One would approach at first warily through the shrub-oaks, running over the snow crust by fits and starts like a leaf blown by the wind, now a few paces this way, with wonderful speed and waste of energy, making inconceivable haste with his "trotters," as if it were for a wager, and now as many paces that way, but never getting on more than half a rod at a time ; and then suddenly pausing with a ludicrous expression and a gratuitous somerset, as if all the eyes of the universe were fixed on him,—for all the motions in a squirrel, even in the most solitary recesses of the forest, imply spectators as much as those of a dancing girl,—wasting more time in delay and circumspection than would have sufficed to walk the whole distance,—I never saw one walk,—and then suddenly, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pitch-pine, winding up his clock and chiding all

imaginary spectators, soliloquising and talking to all the universe at the same time—for no reason that I could ever detect, or he himself was aware of, I suspect. At length he would reach the corn, and selecting a suitable ear, brisk about in the same uncertain trigonometrical way to the topmost stick of my wood-pile, before my window, where he looked me in the face, and there sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling at first voraciously and throwing the half-naked cobs about ; till at length he grew more dainty still and played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel, and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from his careless grasp and fell to the ground, when he would look over at it with a ludicrous expression of uncertainty, as if suspecting that it had life, with a mind not made up whether to get it again, or a new one, or be off ; now thinking of corn, then listening to hear what was in the wind. So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon ; till at last, seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, and skilfully balancing it, he would set out with it to the woods, like a tiger with a buffalo, by the same zigzag course and frequent pauses, scratching along with it as if it were too heavy for him and falling all the while, making its fall a diagonal between a perpendicular and horizontal, being determined to put it through at any rate ; a singularly frivolous and whimsical fellow ; and so he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine tree forty or fifty rods distant, and I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

At length the jays arrive, whose discordant screams were heard long before, as they were warily making their approach an eighth of a mile off, and in a stealthy

and sneaking manner they flit from tree to tree, nearer and nearer, and pick up the kernels which the squirrels have dropped. Then, sitting on a pitch-pine bough, they attempt to swallow in their haste a kernel which is too big for their throats and chokes them ; and after great labour they disgorge it, and spend an hour in the endeavour to crack it by repeated blows with their bills. They were manifestly thieves, and I had not much respect for them ; but the squirrels, though at first shy, went to work as if they were taking what was their own.

When the ground was not yet quite covered, and again near the end of the winter, when the snow was melted on my south hillside and about my wood-pile, the partridges came out of the woods morning and evening to feed there. Whichever side you walk in the woods the partridge bursts away on whirring wings, jarring the snow from the dry leaves and twigs on high, which comes sifting down in the sunbeams like golden dust, for this brave bird is not to be scared by winter. It is frequently covered up by drifts, and, it is said, "sometimes plunges from on wing into the soft snow, where it remains concealed for a day or two." I used to start them in the open land also, where they had come out of the woods at sunset to "bud" the wild apple trees. They will come regularly every evening to particular trees, where the cunning sportsman lies in wait for them, and the distant orchards next the woods suffer thus not a little. I am glad that the partridge gets fed, at any rate. It is Nature's own bird, which lives on buds and diet-drink.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. H. D. Thoreau, though loving solitude, had nothing morose in his nature. What shows this ?

2. Write in your own words what he says of the night noises.

3. Compare the spirit of this extract with that of Pope's poem on Alexander Selkirk :

“ O Solitude ! Where are the charms
That poets have found in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.”

Can you account for the difference ?

4. What passages in *Winter Animals* reveal a sense of humour ?

5. Imagine you are Thoreau, and write a letter to a friend about the foxes. Remember the letter will have a lighter touch than this extract.

6. Note how entertaining is his account of the red squirrel making a meal. See if you can write as interesting a paragraph on the motions and behaviour of any animal you have an opportunity of observing.

7. Write an account of Summer Birds as you have observed them.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Look up, and write, the exact meaning of : *Familiar*, *forlorn*, *plectrum*, *sonorously*, *larynx*, *demoniacally*, *man-œuvres*, *voraciously*, *soliloquising*.

2. This extract contains a large number of Adjectives. Note certain characteristic adjectival endings, *e.g.* :

-ous, as in *melodious*.

-able, as in *inconceivable*.

-ful, as in *wonderful*.

-al, as in *whimsical*.

Search out as many examples as you can.

3. We read here of the *hooting* of the owl, the *honking* of the wild goose.

What words express the characteristic call or utterance of the *horse, cow, sheep, dog, cat, pig, donkey, duck, serpent, turkey, frog, squirrel, lion, elephant, parrot*?

4. Analyse :

"*I heard the forlorn but melodious notes of a hooting owl indefinitely far.*"

"*In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet-corn.*"

"*At length he would reach the corn.*"

"*So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon.*"

5. USE OF THE APOSTROPHE. Study carefully the following : *The boy, the boy's boots. The boys, the boys' boots. The man, the man's hat. The men, the men's hats. Johnson, Johnson's stores. The Johnsons, the Johnsons' horses.*

6. Replace the phrases in italics by single Nouns, using the Apostrophe carefully :

"The song of *the Sirens* was fatal to mariners."

"The efforts of *the boys* were unavailing."

"The attacks of *the Normans* did not cease till noon."

"Many tales of *mariners* are associated with these rocks."

7. In *Winter Animals*, break up into shorter sentences the very long sentences :

(a) "*At length he would reach the corn . . . about.*"

(b) "*So the little impudent fellow . . . fellow.*"

(c) "*One would approach at first . . . I suspect.*"

THE VISION OF DRY BONES

— *THE BIBLE (AUTHORISED VERSION)* —

THE hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones.

And caused me to pass by them round about : and, behold, there were very many in the open valley ; and lo, they were very dry.

And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live ? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.

Again he said unto me, Prophecy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones : Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live :

And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live ; and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

So I prophesied as I was commanded : and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above : but there was no breath in them.

Then said he unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God : Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel: behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost: we are cut off for our parts.

Therefore prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.

And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves,

And shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live; and I shall place you in your own land: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord.

Ezekiel, chapter xxxvii.

ISAIAH'S VISION

— THE BIBLE (AUTHORISED VERSION) —

IN the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple.

Above it stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

Then said I, Woe is me ! for I am undone ; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips : for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar :

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips ; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us ? Then said I, Here am I ; send me.

And he said, Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not ; and see ye indeed, but perceive not.

Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes ; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed.

Then said I, Lord, how long ? And he answered, Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate,

And the Lord have removed men far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land.

But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten ; as a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves ; so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

Isaiah, chapter vi.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

1. You have already learned that the literature of the Jews centred round their religion. Show that this was so.
2. Hence all their histories, drama, and lyrical songs have a religious tendency. Give examples from the Old Testament of each of these forms of literature.
3. But there was another form of literature which was particularly Jewish. This was the *prophecy*, which often contained within itself lyrics. Even more typical of the prophecy was the vision. What do we mean by a *vision* ?
4. These extracts give us two most wonderful visions from the Old Testament. They are worth careful study, and you will be well repaid for learning them by heart. Transcribe them.
5. Write in your own words Ezekiel's vision.
6. Set out in order the various steps by which the bones were kindled into life.
7. What is the lesson the prophet wished to teach ?
8. Isaiah's vision is perhaps the most majestic of all in the Old Testament. Show that it falls into two sections.
9. What is the object of the first part ?
10. What is the substance of the second section ?
11. What circumstances made the scene so solemn and impressive ?
12. What do you notice about the language of these extracts ?
13. What is the Authorised Version ?
14. What other Versions are there ?

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666

— SAMUEL PEPYS —

The terrible fire of 1666, which destroyed a great part of the City of London, was probably the most destructive fire that ever raged in any city during modern times. In the following pages we have the account of an eye-witness—Samuel Pepys—a prominent official of the Navy Board, who kept a most interesting Diary. Pepys saw the whole progress of the fire, and records most vividly what he witnessed.

SEPTEMBER 2nd [1666] (*Lord's day*).—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window ; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off ; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower ; and there got up upon one of the high places ; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house

in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off ; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the water-side, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having staid, and in a hour's time seen the fire rage every way ; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire ; and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City ; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches ; I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me ; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and the Duke of York what I saw ; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall.

Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, to Paul's ; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord ! what can I do ? I am spent ; people will not obey me ; I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers ; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home ; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Houblon, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire ; and, as he says, they have been removed twice already ; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock ; so home and there find my guests. We were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. Soon as dined, I away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people ; and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over

one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and further. I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used ; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water ; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls¹ in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park ; and there met my wife, and Creed, and walked to my boat ; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke ; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost buried with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true ; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and

¹ A musical instrument. This is interesting, as showing the love of Londoners for music.

more ; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long ; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire ; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods ; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire ; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden ; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as being the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves.

September 3rd.—About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Ryder's at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart ; and Lord ! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Ryder tired with being called up all night and receiving things from several friends. Then home, and with much ado to find a

way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither ; and down to the lighter, and here was my neighbour's wife with some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine. The Duke of York did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General, and having the care of all. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone.

September 4th.—Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter. To Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, the fire coming on in that narrow street on both sides with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there ; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another and put our wine in it ; and I my parmazan cheese and some other things. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in the garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning. Walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits ; and,

indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything ; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it. Paul's is burned and all Cheapside.

September 5th.—I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to the bottom of our lane. I up, and resolved to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about 2,350*l.* down by boat to Woolwich ; but Lord ! what a sad sight it was by moone-light, to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to see our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke Lane end as ours. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw ; everywhere great fires, oyle cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see ; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold

meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Having received good hope that the fire at our end is stopped, I walked into the town and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lumbard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorefields, our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals, and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves ; and a great blessing it is to them that is fair weather ; drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside, and Newgate market, all burned ; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' Chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office ; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready ; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good deal about midnight ; though when I rose I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

September 6th.—Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office, to call our men to Bishopsgate, where no fire had yet been near, and

there is now one broke out ; which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time ; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water ; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom ; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, but to the Swan, and there was trimmed.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Many celebrated men and women have written Diaries which are very interesting to read, and which throw a great light upon the customs, ideas, and people of their day. Among the most notable are those of Samuel Pepys, John Evelyn, John Wesley, George Fox, and John Woolman. With the help of a Dictionary of Biography, write short accounts of these men.

2. By far the most interesting of all is that of Pepys, although it covers less than nine years (1660-69). There are several facts that make it unique. One is that he was remarkably observant, profoundly interested in all he saw, and thought nothing too trivial to record. Show that this is so.

3. A second—and perhaps the greatest—is that he certainly intended no one to read it save himself, and so he

records his most secret thoughts and actions. Is there anything here that shows this ?

4. It was written in shorthand, and lay unknown for more than a hundred years after his death. Then it was deciphered, to become a source of pleasure and information for succeeding ages. Explain this last statement.

5. Note the remarkably vivid writing—the graphic touches that reveal an eye-witness, and one with an observant eye, *e.g.*, *the pigeons; the virginalls; “a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame”*; *“it made me weep to see it.”* Select other illustrations.

6. How does Pepys mingle great and small in this narrative ?

7. What passages show him to have been a man of deep feeling and good sense ?

8. Give an account of the fire as Pepys saw it.

9. Why were not vigorous methods followed to check it ?

10. What shows the panic and distress of the people ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. There are certain words and phrases which show that the writing is not modern, *e.g.*, *“handkercher”*; *“I did see”*; *“I did give them an account dismayed them all”*; *“prettily dressed”*; *“it being brave, fine weather.”*

Select and make a list of other illustrations.

2. Note that Pepys frequently omits the Verb, which it is easy to supply. *“So down, with my heart full of trouble”*; *“I to White Hall . . . and there up to the King’s closet.”*

Rewrite the passage from, *“So down . . .”* to *“. . . was carried in to the King,”* inserting all omitted Verbs.

3. Write a summary of Pepys’ movements during the time recorded here, arranging them thus :

(a) Pepys is called by the maids, views the fire in the distance, and returns to bed.

4. Having done this, expand this list into a concise narrative of his actions.

5. This extract from *Pepys' Diary* is written in the First Person. Rewrite in the Third Person the passage from, "*So I made myself ready . . .*" to "*. . . I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me.*" (It will be necessary to begin thus: "*So he made himself ready . . .*").

6. Interrogative Pronouns are used in asking questions. They are *who*, *what*, *which*. Note that the Accusative of *who* is *whom*:

"*Who first saw the fire?*"

"*Which is the man who brought the news?*"

"*What shall I say?*"

"*Whom should we send?*"

Select the Interrogative Pronouns in these sentences, giving the Case of each:

"*A voice cried, 'Who will go? Whom shall we send?'*"

"*What is the message? And what will he reply?*"

"*Then I asked, 'Which would you prefer?'*"

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

— CHARLES LAMB —

This is one of the most entertaining of the *Essays of Elia*, the charming work of Charles Lamb (1775–1834).

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder-brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think,

not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he

experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the hands of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste—O Lord!” with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret

escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze ; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it ; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision ; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district.

The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later,—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. No other essays have become so popular as Charles Lamb's. One reason for this is the humour which runs through many of them: a humour never boisterous, but quaint, gentle, and always kindly. Search for examples in the essay given here.

2. Show that the humour is never ill-natured.

3. Note that certain features of modern life (*e.g.*, insurance-offices) are gravely introduced into this professedly ancient story, and serve to heighten the effect of absurdity. Make a list of such instances.

4. Give the speech of the counsel who prosecuted Ho-ti.

5. Write a speech which you think Ho-ti may have made in defence of himself and his son.

6. Write the discussion the jury had when in the box.
7. Write a *Dissertation upon Roast Duck*.
8. With the help of an Encyclopædia, write a short account of Confucius. Then write short accounts of other great religious leaders (Buddha, Zoroaster, Mahomet).

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain the use of: *Yunker*, *dynasty*, *dialogue*, *antediluvian*, *premonitory*, *retributory*, *cudgel*, "the manifest iniquity of the decision"; "make what sour mouths he would for pretence."

Note carefully the derivation of the words in italics.

2. Summarise into ten or twelve lines the passage "*Bo-bo was strictly enjoined . . . Not Guilty.*"

3. Speech may be given directly or indirectly. In the former, the exact words of the speaker are given, and are enclosed within inverted commas. In the latter the substance of the speech is given, but not the exact words.

Robert said, "I will go home" (Direct Speech).

Robert said he would go home (Indirect Speech).

Note that in Indirect Speech

(a) Inverted commas are not used.

(b) First Person Pronouns are changed into Third Person.

(c) There are changes in the Tense of Verbs (e.g., *will* into *would*).

4. Rewrite in Indirect Speech :

Ho-ti asked, "What have you got there devouring?"

Bo-bo replied, "I am eating the roast pig."

The jury asked, "May we have some of the food handed up to us?"

The foreman of the jury said, "We find the prisoners Not Guilty."

5. Add to your list of Latin Roots :

folium = a leaf.
miles = a soldier.
mons = a mountain.
mors = death.
navis = a ship.
nox = night.
pes = a foot.
sanctus = holy.
urbs = a city.
via = a way.

Using the Dictionary if necessary, compile a list of words formed from these roots.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A BULLY

— GEORGE HENRY BORROW —

George Borrow (1803–1881) was a remarkable man. He was the son of an officer, a staid, quiet person. But George was very different; he had a profound love for learning, and became a remarkable linguist; and he had also a passionate love for the open air and exercise. What appeared strangest to his friends was that he had also a strange love for mixing with gipsies and other wanderers. He lived an adventurous life, an account of which may be read in his fascinating books, *Lavengro*, *The Romany Rye*, and *The Bible in Spain*. The extract given here is from *The Romany Rye*. At the time Borrow was acting as ostler at an inn.

I LIVED on very good terms, not only with the master and the old ostler, but with all the domestics and hangers-on at the inn; waiters, chambermaids, cooks, and scullions, not forgetting the “boots,” of which there were three. As for the postillions, I was sworn brother with them all, and some of them went so far as to swear that I was the best fellow in the world; for which high opinion entertained by them of me, I believe I was principally indebted to

the good account their comrade gave of me, whom I had so hospitably received in the dingle. I repeat that I lived on good terms with all the people connected with the inn, and was noticed and spoken kindly to by some of the guests—especially by that class termed commercial travellers—all of whom were great friends and patronisers of the landlord. There was one description of persons, however, frequenting the inn which I did not like at all, and which I did not get on well with, and these people were the stage-coachmen.

The stage-coachmen of England, at the time of which I am speaking, considered themselves mighty fine gentry, nay, I verily believe the most important personages of the realm, and their entertaining this high opinion of themselves can scarcely be wondered at; they were low fellows, but masters of driving; driving was in fashion, and sprigs of nobility used to dress as coachmen and imitate the slang and behaviour of coachmen, from whom occasionally they would take lessons in driving as they sat beside them on the box, which post of honour any sprig of nobility who happened to take a place on a coach claimed as his unquestionable right; and then these sprigs would smoke cigars and drink sherry with the coachmen in bar-rooms, and on the road; and, when bidding them farewell, would give them a guinea or a half-guinea, and shake them by the hand, so that these fellows, being low fellows, very naturally thought no small liquor of themselves, but would talk familiarly of their friends lords so-and-so, the honourable misters so-and-so, and Sir Harry and Sir Charles, and be wonderfully saucy to any one who was not a lord, or something of the kind; and this high opinion of themselves received daily augmentation from the servile homage paid them by the generality of the untitled male passengers,

especially those on the fore part of the coach, who used to contend for the honour of sitting on the box with the coachman when no sprig was nigh to put in his claim. Oh ! what servile homage these craven creatures did pay these same coach fellows, more especially after witnessing this or t'other act of brutality practised upon the weak and unoffending—upon some poor friendless woman travelling with but little money, and perhaps a brace of hungry children with her, or upon some thin and half-starved man travelling on the hind part of the coach from London to Liverpool, with only eighteen pence in his pocket after his fare was paid, to defray his expenses on the road ; for as the insolence of these knights was vast, so was their rapacity enormous ; they had been so long accustomed to have crowns and half-crowns rained upon them by their admirers and flatterers, that they would look at a shilling, for which many an honest labourer was happy to toil for ten hours under a broiling sun, with the utmost contempt ; would blow upon it derisively, or fillip it into the air before they pocketed it ; but when nothing was given them, as would occasionally happen—for how could they receive from those who had nothing ? and nobody was bound to give them anything, as they had certain wages from their employers—then what a scene would ensue ! Truly the brutality and rapacious insolence of English coachmen had reached a climax ; it was time these fellows should be disenchanting, and the time—thank Heaven !—was not far distant.

Amongst the coachmen who frequented the inn was one who was called “the bang-up coachman.” He drove to our inn, in the fore part of every day, one of what were called the fast coaches, and afterwards took back the corresponding vehicle. He stayed at our house about twenty minutes, during which time the

passengers of the coach which he was to return with dined ; those at least who were inclined for dinner, and could pay for it. He derived his sobriquet of " the bang-up coachman " partly from his being dressed in the extremity of coach dandyism, and partly from the peculiar insolence of his manner, and the unmerciful fashion in which he was in the habit of lashing on the poor horses committed to his charge. He was a large tall fellow of about thirty, with a face which, had it not been bloated by excess, and insolence and cruelty stamped most visibly upon it, might have been called good-looking. His insolence indeed was so great that he was hated by all the minor fry connected with coaches along the road upon which he drove, especially the ostlers, whom he was continually abusing or finding fault with. Many was the hearty curse which he received when his back was turned ; but the generality of people were much afraid of him, for he was a swinging strong fellow, and had the reputation of being a fighter, and in one or two instances had beaten in a barbarous manner individuals who had quarrelled with him.

I was nearly having a fracas with this worthy. One day, after he had been drinking sherry with a sprig, he swaggered into the yard where I happened to be standing ; just then a waiter came by carrying upon a tray part of a splendid Cheshire cheese, with a knife, plate, and napkin. Stopping the waiter, the coachman cut with the knife a tolerably large lump out of the very middle of the cheese, stuck it on the end of the knife, and putting it to his mouth nibbled a slight piece off it, and then, tossing the rest away with disdain, flung the knife down upon the tray, motioning the waiter to proceed : " I wish," said I, " you may not want before you die what you have just flung away," whereupon the fellow turned furiously towards

me ; just then, however, his coach being standing at the door, there was a cry for coachman, so that he was forced to depart, contenting himself for the present with shaking his fist at me, and threatening to serve me out on the first opportunity ; before, however, the opportunity occurred he himself got served out in a most unexpected manner.

The day after this incident he drove his coach to the inn, and after having dismounted and received the contributions of the generality of the passengers, he strutted up, with a cigar in his mouth, to an individual who had come with him, and who had just asked me a question with respect to the direction of a village about three miles off, to which he was going. "Remember the coachman," said the knight of the box to this individual, who was a thin person of about sixty, with a white hat, rather shabby black coat, and buff-coloured trousers, and who held an umbrella and a small bundle in his hand. "If you expect me to give you anything," said he to the coachman, "you are mistaken ; I will give you nothing. You have been very insolent to me as I rode behind you on the coach, and have encouraged two or three trumpery fellows, who rode along with you, to cut scurvy jokes at my expense, and now you come to me for money : I am not so poor but I could have given you a shilling had you been civil ; as it is, I will give you nothing." "Oh ! you won't, won't you ?" said the coachman ; "dear me ! I hope I shan't starve because you won't give me anything—a shilling ! why, I could afford to give you twenty if I thought fit, you pauper ! civil to you, indeed ! things are come to a fine pass if I need to be civil to you ! Do you know who you are speaking to ? why the best lords in the country are proud to speak to me. Why, it was only the other day that the Marquis of —— said to me . . ." and then he went on to say what the

Marquis said to him ; after which, flinging down his cigar, he strutted up the road, swearing to himself about paupers.

“ You say it is three miles to ——,” said the individual to me ; “ I think I shall light my pipe, and smoke it as I go along.” Thereupon he took out from a side-pocket a tobacco-box and short meerschaum pipe, and implements for striking a light, filled his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. Presently the coachman drew near. I saw at once that there was mischief in his eyes ; the man smoking was standing with his back towards him, and he came so nigh to him, seemingly purposely, that as he passed a puff of smoke came of necessity against his face. “ What do you mean by smoking in my face ? ” said he, striking the pipe of the elderly individual out of his mouth. The other, without manifesting much surprise, said, “ I thank you ; and if you will wait a minute, I will give you a receipt for that favour ; ” then gathering up his pipe, and taking off his coat and hat, he laid them on a stepping-block which stood near, and rubbing his hands together, he advanced towards the coachman in an attitude of offence, holding his hands crossed very near to his face. The coachman, who probably expected anything but such a movement from a person of the age and appearance of the individual whom he had insulted, stood for a moment motionless with surprise ; but recollecting himself, he pointed at him derisively with his finger ; the next moment, however, the other was close upon him, had struck aside the extended hand with his left fist, and given him a severe blow on the nose with his right, which he immediately followed by a left-hand blow in the eye ; then drawing his body slightly backward, with the velocity of lightning he struck the coachman full in the mouth, and the last blow was the severest of all, for it cut the

coachman's lips nearly through ; blows so quickly and sharply dealt I had never seen. The coachman reeled like a fir-tree in a gale, and seemed nearly unsensed. " Ho ! what's this ? a fight ! a fight ! " sounded from a dozen voices, and people came running from all directions to see what was going on. The coachman, coming somewhat to himself, disencumbered himself of his coat and hat ; and, encouraged by two or three of his brothers of the whip, showed some symptoms of fighting, endeavouring to close with his foe, but the attempt was vain, for his foe was not to be closed with ; he did not shift or dodge about, but warded off the blows of his opponent with the greatest sang-froid, always using the guard which I have already described, and putting in, in return, short chopping blows with the swiftness of lightning. In a few minutes the countenance of the coachman was literally cut to pieces, and several of his teeth were dislodged ; at length he gave in ; stung with mortification, however, he repented, and asked for another round ; it was granted, to his own complete demolition. The coachman did not drive his coach back that day, he did not appear on the box again for a week ; but he never held up his head afterwards. Before I quitted the inn, he had disappeared from the road, going no one knew where.

The coachman, as I have said before, was very much disliked upon the road, but there was an *esprit de corps* amongst the coachmen, and those who stood by did not like to see their brother chastised in such tremendous fashion. " I never saw such a fight before," said one. " Fight ! why, I don't call it a fight at all, this chap here ha'n't got a scratch, whereas Tom is cut to pieces ; it is all along of that guard of his ; if Tom could have got within his guard he would have soon served the old chap out." " So he would," said another, " it



"It was granted, to his own complete demolition."

was all owing to that guard. However, I think I see into it, and if I had not to drive this afternoon, I would have a turn with the old fellow and soon serve him out." "I will fight him now for a guinea," said the other coachman, half taking off his coat; observing, however, that the elderly individual made a motion towards him, he hitched it upon his shoulder again, and added, "that is, if he had not been fighting already, but as it is, I am above taking an advantage, especially of such a poor old creature as that." And when he had said this, he looked around him, and there was a feeble titter of approbation from two or three of the craven crew, who were in the habit of currying favour with the coachmen. The elderly individual looked for a moment at these last, and then said, "To such fellows as you I have nothing to say;" then turning to the coachmen, "and as for you," he said, "ye cowardly bullies, I have but one word, which is, that your reign upon the roads is nearly over and that a time is coming when ye will be no longer wanted or employed in your present capacity, when ye will either have to drive dung-carts, assist as ostlers at village ale-houses, or rot in the workhouse." Then putting on his coat and hat, and taking up his bundle, not forgetting his meerschaum and the rest of his smoking apparatus, he departed on his way. Filled with curiosity, I followed him.

"I am quite astonished that you should be able to use your hands in the way you have done," said I, as I walked with this individual in the direction in which he was bound.

"I will tell you how I became able to do so," said the elderly individual, proceeding to fill and light his pipe as he walked along. "My father was a journeyman engraver, who lived in a very riotous neighbourhood in the outskirts of London. Wishing to give me

something of an education, he sent me to a day-school, two or three streets distant from where we lived, and there, being a rather puny boy, I suffered much persecution from my schoolfellows, who were a very blackguard set. One day, as I was running home, with one of my tormentors pursuing me, old Sergeant Broughton, the retired fighting-man, seized me by the arm . . .”

“Dear me,” said I, “has it ever been your luck to be acquainted with Sergeant Broughton ?”

“You may well call it luck,” said the elderly individual ; “but for him I should never have been able to make my way through the world. He lived only four doors from our house ; so, as I was running along the street, with my tyrant behind me, Sergeant Broughton seized me by the arm. ‘Stop, my boy,’ said he ; ‘I have frequently seen that scamp ill-treating you ; now I will teach you how to send him home with a bloody nose ; down with your bag of books ; and now, my game chick,’ whispered he to me, placing himself between me and my adversary, so that he could not observe his motions, ‘clench your fist in this manner, and hold your arms in this, and when he strikes at you, move them as I now show you, and he can’t hurt you ; now, don’t be afraid, but go at him.’ I confess that I was somewhat afraid, but I considered myself in some degree under the protection of the famous Sergeant, and, clenching my fist, I went at my foe, using the guard which my ally recommended. The result corresponded to a certain degree with the predictions of the Sergeant ; I gave my foe a bloody nose and a black eye, though, notwithstanding my recent lesson in the art of self-defence, he contrived to give me two or three clumsy blows. From that moment I was the especial favourite of the Sergeant, who gave me further lessons, so that in a little time I became a

very fair boxer, beating everybody of my own size who attacked me. The old gentleman, however, made me promise never to be quarrelsome, nor to turn his instructions to account, except in self-defence. I have always borne in mind my promise, and have made it a point of conscience never to fight unless absolutely compelled. Folks may rail against boxing if they please, but being able to box may sometimes stand a quiet man in good stead. How should I have fared to-day but for the instructions of Sergeant Broughton? But for them, the brutal ruffian who insulted me must have passed unpunished. He will not soon forget the lesson which I have just given him—the only lesson he could understand. What would have been the use of reasoning with a fellow of that description? Brave old Broughton! I owe him much.”

“What did you mean,” said I, “by those words of yours, that the coachmen would speedily disappear from the roads?”

“I meant,” said he, “that a new method of travelling is about to be established, which will supersede the old. I am a poor engraver, as my father was before me; but engraving is an intellectual trade, and by following it, I have been brought in contact with some of the cleverest men in England. It has even made me acquainted with the projector of the scheme, which he has told me many of the wisest heads of England have been dreaming of during a period of six hundred years, and which it seems was alluded to by a certain Brazen Head in the story-book of Friar Bacon, who is generally supposed to have been a wizard, but in reality was a great philosopher. Young man, in less than twenty years, by which time I shall be dead and gone, England will be surrounded with roads of metal, on which armies may travel with mighty velocity, and of which the walls of brass and iron by

which the Friar proposed to defend his native land are types." He then, shaking me by the hand, proceeded on his way, whilst I returned to the inn.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. George Borrow was a great lover of boxing, admired one who was capable of taking his own part, and hated injustice. How does this extract reveal all these characteristics ?

2. Borrow's style, while full of vigour and interest, is not always carefully polished. When he touches upon a subject on which he feels strongly, his writing becomes very much like speech—hasty, with repetitions, full of strong expressions, and lapsing occasionally into slang. Moreover, the sentences run on and on into remarkably lengthy paragraphs, showing the way in which the author is carried away by his feelings.

(a) Note, e.g., the repetition of the phrase, "*sprigs of nobility*." Look for others.

(b) Notice the vigorous way in which Borrow speaks of those he dislikes, e.g., "*The craven dastards who used to curry favour with them*." Search out other examples.

(c) Note the extremely long sentence "*Oh ! what servile homage . . . what a scene would ensue*." It is not really one sentence, but a whole collection of sentences. Rewrite the passage with sentences of moderate length.

3. What plainly showed the coachman to be a bully ?

4. Describe the incident as the old traveller might have related it.

5. What prophecy does the old gentleman make ? Has it been fulfilled ?

6. Borrow hated coachmen. Dickens loved them. Read, for instance, chaps. xx. and xxii. of *Pickwick Papers* in which the immortal Tony Weller appears. Dickens pictures coachmen as stout, hearty, jolly fellows. Do you think the view of either Borrow or Dickens was quite correct? Give reasons.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Look up, and note, the derivation of: *Scullion*, *postillion*, *sobriquet*, *dandyism*, *fracas*, *derisively*, *velocity*, *sang-froid*, *esprit-de-corps*.

2. The last two examples are phrases borrowed from French, but used so frequently that we may now regard them as English. Other very common examples are: *aide-de-camp*, *enfant terrible*, *faux pas*. Find out the meaning of these, and add others to the list.

3. We read in this extract of the "boots." This is the usual name for an attendant who cleans the boots of the travellers staying at an hotel. It is an example of a title arising from duties performed. So at a railway station there may be a person known as "Lamps." A ship's carpenter is usually called "Chips." Can you think of other examples?

4. It is easy to see how certain surnames were derived from occupations. It was not until the fourteenth century, or even later, that English surnames became fixed, and in many cases the trade or occupation determined the name. See, for example, this dialogue from Scott's *Kenilworth*:

"It was in the courtyard of the inn which called this honest fellow landlord that a traveller alighted . . . and made some enquiry, which produced the following dialogue:

" 'What ho! John Tapster.'

" 'At hand, Will Hostler,' replied the man of the spigot."

Compile a list of surnames with which you are familiar that seem to have been so derived.

5. Explain the following :

"I was soon sworn brother with them all."

"These low fellows thought no small liquor of themselves."

"As the insolence of these knights was vast, so was their rapacity enormous."

"He was hated by all the minor fry."

"You have encouraged two or three trumpery fellows to cut scurvy jokes at my expense."

"I will give you a receipt for that favour."

6. Summarise the conversation between Borrow and the old gentleman.

7. You are familiar now with the analysis of a Simple Sentence. But the majority of sentences are not Simple, but Complex; that is, there is one main clause, with others which are less important, or subordinate. Such sentences may be analysed into Principal and Subordinate Clauses. Thus in the sentence, *"I repeat that I lived on good terms with all the people connected with the inn,"* the principal Clause is *"I repeat,"* and the remainder is a Subordinate Clause.

Again: *"I wish,"* said I, *"you may not want before you die what you have just flung away."*

Principal Clause—I said.

Subordinate Clauses (1) *I wish*

(2) *You may not want*

(3) *What you have just flung away*

(4) *Before you die.*

Each of these clauses contains a Subject and Predicate.

8. Analyse into Principal and Subordinate Clauses :

"One day, after he had been drinking sherry with a sprig, he swaggered into the yard."

"He strutted up to an individual who had come with him."

"You have been very insolent to me as I rode behind you on the coach."

"I saw at once that there was mischief in his eye."

KING ARTHUR'S LAST BATTLE

— SIR THOMAS MALORY —

We know very little of Sir Thomas Malory except that he was the author of the famous book, *Le Morte D'Arthur*, which was completed by him in 1469, and was one of the first books printed in England by Caxton. In this volume Malory gathered up from many sources the strange and wondrous legends of Arthur and his knights, and it has become a treasure-house for poets. In the extract given here we see Arthur advancing to do battle with the rebels under Mordred.

AND when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beamous, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said : "Alas this unhappy day !" and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in likewise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land ; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never ; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth ; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights ; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere :

and they were full sore wounded. "Jesu mercy," said the king, "where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now," said Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief." Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought." "Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this; for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three alive, and with Sir Mordred is none; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past." "Tide me death, betide me life," saith the king, "now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him." "God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: "Traitor, now is thy death day come." And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain pan, and therewithal Sir

Mordred fell stark dead to the earth ; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heave him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. "Now go thou, Sir Lucan," said the king, "and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field." So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel ; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. "Therefore by my rede," said Sir Lucan, "it is best that we bring you to some town." "I would it were so," said the king. "But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah, Sir Lancelot," said King Arthur, "this day have I sore missed thee : alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream." Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned ; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, and therewith the noble knight's heart brake. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth. "Alas," said the king, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me :

now Jesu have mercy upon his soul ! ” Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. “ Leave this mourning and weeping,” said the king, “ for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore ; but my time hieth fast,” said the king. “ Therefore,” said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, “ take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest.” “ My lord,” said Bedivere, “ your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.” So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones ; and then he said to himself : “ If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss.” And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. “ What saw thou there ? ” said the king. “ Sir,” he said, “ I saw nothing but waves and winds.” “ That is untruly said of thee,” said the king, “ therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment ; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in.” Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand ; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so ofte he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. “ What saw thou there ? ” said the king. “ Sir,” he said, “ I saw nothing but the waters wappe and waves wanne.” “ Ah, traitor untrue,” said King Arthur, “ now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear ? and

thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands ; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead." Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side ; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might ; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Alas," said the king, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the king. And so he did softly ; and there received him three queens with great mourning ; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said : "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me ? alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold." And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried : "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies ?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest,

for in me is no trust for to trust in ; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound : and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul." But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest ; and so he went all that night.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Since Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur* was written in the fifteenth century, you might expect to find very considerable difficulties in the language: but on reading the extract carefully, you will find this is not the case. Save for occasional words and phrases, it is not at all difficult to read. Yet it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for you to read books of the early fourteenth century. These facts would suggest that the English language has changed comparatively little during the last four centuries, and this is the case. The printing-press helped to make the language stable. Can you explain why ?

2. Write an account of William Caxton. *Le Morte D'Arthur* was one of the first books he printed.

3. Malory's book has always been wonderfully popular. Tales of chivalry and daring, of high adventure and knightly deeds, have always charmed the minds of men and women. One reason for this is that the heroic always appeals to the best within us. Can you write a list of poems which seem to stir your blood by their heroic qualities ?

4. In such stories we do not look for cold, accurate facts. Probably there is no historical basis for these tales. But even if there were, some of the statements in this extract are plainly absurd. Give instances.

5. Why did Sir Bedivere for a time appear to be untrue to his master ?
6. What illustrates the noble nature of the king ?
7. Write the story briefly in your own words.
8. Now write the tale as Sir Bedivere might have told it to a friend, an old knight who had known Arthur.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. As we should expect, the extract contains a number of words which we do not use now, e.g., *beamous*, *foining*, *devoir*. Such words we call *archaic*. Make a list of these and try to find their meaning. A large etymological Dictionary will probably contain them. If necessary, visit a Library and consult a number of Dictionaries.

2. Similarly we find archaic phrases, e.g., “ And so both hosts *dressed them together* ” ; “ And so *was he ware*, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights.”

Make a list of such phrases, and explain them.

3. Occasionally later writers have used such phrases to give an old-time air to their writing. Thus Malory says, “ *Tide me death, betide me life* ” ; Scott says in *Marmion* :

“ Tide what tide
The demon shall a buffet bide.”

Can you remember any other such cases of the use by other authors of words or phrases occurring in this extract ?

4. Explain :

“ *If you leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past.*”

“ ‘ *Go thou, Sir Lucan,*’ said the king, ‘ and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field.’ ”

“ *And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened how that pillers and robbers were come into the field.*”

“ *They slew them for their harness and their riches.*”

"I saw nothing but the water wappe and the waves wanne."

"He wept and wailed and so took the forest."

5. Rewrite in a modern style :

"And at all times he fainted never."

"Where are all my noble knights become?"

"And when the king was there he thought him well eased."

"And all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur."

6. Comment on the grammar of the following :

"And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land."

"He smote Arthur with his sword holden in both hands."

"And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oft times heave him up."

"The pommel and the haft was all of precious stones."

" 'What saw thou there?' said the king."

7. Analyse :

"They fought still till it was near night."

"As he yede, he saw that pillers and robbers were come into the field."

"Who were not dead all out, there they slew them."

"He told the king that he had been at the water."

8. Rewrite in Indirect Speech :

(a) *" 'My lord,' said Sir Bedivere, 'your commandment shall be done.' "*

(b) *" 'What saw you there?' said the king. 'Sir,' he said, 'I saw nothing but waves and winds.' "*

(c) *"And then that queen said, 'Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me?' "*

(d) *"Then Sir Bedivere cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me?' "*

MORTE D'ARTHUR

In the preceding extract Malory's account of Arthur's passing is given. In this passage we have the same story set in majestic verse by Lord Tennyson.

SO all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer morn, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

“Hast thou perform’d my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

“I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :

“Thou hast betray’d thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem’d
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had follow’d, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.”

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time,
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix’d in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself ?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
"What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
“ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
“ My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all

And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
“ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Many poets have been fascinated by the legends of King Arthur and have used them as a basis for poems and plays. As a young man, Milton cherished the idea of writing a great epic on the story of Arthur and his Knights. But as an old man he changed his mind, finding a nobler subject to serve as the theme for *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. What was Milton's subject ?

2. Tennyson was greatly attracted by the Arthurian stories. He was quite a young man when he wrote *Morte d'Arthur*. Afterwards he wrote a series of twelve poems based on various stories of Arthur's Knights, and these *Idylls of the King* form a very fine series. The last is called *The Passing of Arthur*, and *Morte d'Arthur* forms the close of this. Give the titles of the others.

3. The story as told by Tennyson closely follows Malory. Yet there are slight differences. Read both again carefully, scene by scene, and set out

- (a) A list of the points in which Tennyson follows Malory.
- (b) A list of the differences between the two.
- (c) Cases where Tennyson uses the actual words of Malory.

4. The style of the poem is majestic, sonorous, rolling. To appreciate this to the full, it should be read aloud. Notice, for example, such lines as :

“ So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea.”

In these lines the use of the letters *d, b, m, r, w*, all of which are vigorous in sound, helps to give the lines force and power. Select other striking lines, and try to discover why they are impressive.

5. Tennyson was very skilful in the use of Adjectives. Note, e.g., “ the sea wind sang, *shrill, chill*, with flakes of

foam." The words *shrill*, *chill*, are sharp and unpleasant and particularly fitting here. So also, "the *shining* levels of the lake." The great water lay still beneath the moon. Why is *shining* better here than *sparkling* or *gleaming*? Select other cases where the Adjective seems to be well used, and explain why.

6. Another point in Tennyson's style is his use of *repetition* to secure a striking effect, *e.g.* :

"A *broken* chancel with a *broken* cross."

Here the first impression of ruin is redoubled by the repetition of *broken*. Give other examples.

7. METRE. Each line consists of five Iambic feet. Such a line is called an Iambic Pentameter. The lines have no end-rhymes. Poetry written thus (*i.e.* in unrhymed Iambic Pentameters) is called Blank Verse.

"So *á*ll day *lóng* the *nóise* of *bá*ttle *rólled*
Amóng the *mó*untains *bý* the *wí*nter *séa*."

It is in this metre that the greatest poems have been written, *e.g.* those of Milton and of Shakespeare. It appears easy to write. In reality it is very difficult.

Copy out the passage of fourteen lines beginning :

"*There drew he forth the brand Excalibur.*"

Mark the accents in each line. Be especially careful about the third line.

8. Write in prose : (a) Arthur's first speech to Sir Bedivere.

(b) His final speech.

9. Write in your own words a vivid description of the ship, its occupants, and their reception of the wounded king.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. What is the meaning of : *Seyuel*, *brand*, *samite*, *mere*, *athwart*, *fealty* ?

2. Write in simple prose :

" Yet I thy hest will all perform at will."

*" For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere."*

" So spake he, clouded with his own conceit."

*" Authority forgets a dying king
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bowed the will."*

3. The following are Greek roots :

<i>aster</i> = a star.	<i>kuklos</i> = a wheel.
<i>biblos</i> = a book.	<i>logos</i> = a word.
<i>bios</i> = life.	<i>monos</i> = alone.
<i>demos</i> = the people.	<i>metron</i> = a measure.
<i>ge</i> = the earth.	<i>therme</i> = heat.
<i>grapho</i> = I write.	<i>tele</i> = distant.

Write as many words as you can, derived from each of these. Use the Dictionary to test each.

PACKING

— JEROME K. JEROME —

Jerome K. Jerome, a famous humorist and essayist, first won fame as the author of *Three Men in a Boat*, from which this passage is taken. Three young men, J., George, and Harris, have decided to spend a fortnight boating on the Thames, and are making preparations for the trip.

WE made a list of the things to be taken, and a pretty lengthy one it was, before we parted that evening. The next day, which was Friday, we got them all together, and met in the evening to pack. We got a big Gladstone for the clothes, and a couple of hampers for the victuals and the cooking utensils. We moved the table up against the window, piled

everything in a heap in the middle of the floor, and sat round and looked at it.

I said I'd pack.

I rather pride myself on my packing. Packing is one of those many things that I feel I know more about than any other person living. (It surprises me myself, sometimes, how many of these subjects there are.) I impressed the fact upon George and Harris, and told them that they had better leave the whole matter entirely to me. They fell into the suggestion with a readiness that had something uncanny about it. George put on a pipe and spread himself over the easy-chair, and Harris cocked his legs on the table and lit a cigar.

This was hardly what I intended. What I had meant, of course, was, that I should boss the job, and that Harris and George should potter about under my directions, I pushing them aside every now and then with, "Oh, you——!" "Here, let me do it." "There you are, simple enough!"—really teaching them, as you might say. Their taking it in the way they did irritated me. There is nothing does irritate me more than seeing other people sitting about doing nothing when I'm working.

I lived with a man once who used to make me mad that way. He would loll on the sofa and watch me doing things by the hour together, following me round the room with his eyes, wherever I went. He said it did him real good to look on at me, messing about. He said it made him feel that life was not an idle dream to be gaped and yawned through, but a noble task, full of duty and stern work. He said he often wondered now how he could have gone on before he met me, never having anybody to look at while they worked.

Now, I'm not like that. I can't sit still and see another man slaving and working. I want to get up

and superintend, and walk round with my hands in my pockets, and tell him what to do. It is my energetic nature. I can't help it.

However, I did not say anything, but started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be ; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it and strapped it.

"Ain't you going to put the boots in ?" said Harris.

And I looked round, and found I had forgotten them. That's just like Harris. He couldn't have said a word until I'd got the bag shut and strapped, of course. And George laughed—one of those irritating, senseless, chuckle-headed, crack-jawed laughs of his. They do make me so wild.

I opened the bag and packed the boots in ; and then, just as I was going to close it, a horrible idea occurred to me. Had I packed my tooth-brush ? I don't know how it is, but I never do know whether I've packed my tooth-brush.

My tooth-brush is a thing that haunts me when I'm travelling, and makes my life a misery. I dream that I haven't packed it, and wake up in a cold perspiration, and get out of bed and hunt for it. And, in the morning, I pack it before I have used it, and have to unpack again to get it, and it is always the last thing I turn out of the bag ; and then I repack and forget it, and have to rush upstairs for it at the last moment and carry it to the railway station, wrapped up in my pocket-handkerchief.

Of course I had to turn every mortal thing out now, and, of course, I could not find it. I rummaged the things up into much the same state that they must have been before the world was created, and when chaos reigned. Of course, I found George's and Harris's eighteen times over, but I couldn't find my own. I put the things back one by one, and held

everything up and shook it. Then I found it inside a boot. I repacked once more.

When I had finished, George asked if the soap was in. I said I didn't care a hang whether the soap was in or whether it wasn't; and I slammed the bag to and strapped it, and found that I had packed my tobacco-pouch in it, and had to re-open it. It got shut up finally at 10.5 p.m., and then there remained the hampers to do. Harris said that we should be wanting to start in less than twelve hours' time, and thought that he and George had better do the rest; and I agreed and sat down, and they had a go.

They began in a light-hearted spirit, evidently intending to show me how to do it. I made no comment; I only waited. When George is hanged Harris will be the worst packer in this world; and I looked at the piles of plates and cups, and kettles, and bottles, and jars, and pies, and stoves, and cakes, and tomatoes, etc., and felt that the thing would soon become exciting.

It did. They started with breaking a cup. That was the first thing they did. They did that just to show you what they *could* do, and to get you interested.

Then Harris packed the strawberry jam on top of a tomato and squashed it, and they had to pick out the tomato with a teaspoon.

And then it was George's turn, and he trod on the butter. I didn't say anything, but I came over and sat on the edge of the table and watched them. It irritated them more than anything I could have said. I felt that. It made them nervous and excited, and they stepped on things, and put things behind them, and then couldn't find them when they wanted them; and they packed the pies at the bottom, and put heavy things on top, and smashed the pies in.

They upset salt over everything, and as for the butter! I never saw two men do more with one-and-

twopence worth of butter in my whole life than they did. After George had got it off his slipper, they tried to put it in the kettle. It wouldn't go in, and what *was* in wouldn't come out. They did scrape it out at last, and put it down on a chair, and Harris sat on it, and it stuck to him, and they went looking for it all over the room.

"I'll take my oath I put it down on that chair," said George, staring at the empty seat.

"I saw you do it myself, not a minute ago," said Harris.

Then they started round the room again looking for it; and then they met again in the centre, and stared at one another.

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," said George.

"So mysterious!" said Harris.

Then George got round at the back of Harris and saw it.

"Why, here it is all the time," he exclaimed indignantly.

"Where?" cried Harris, spinning round.

"Stand still, can't you!" roared George, flying after him.

And they got it off, and packed it in the teapot.

Montmorency was in it all, of course. Montmorency's ambition in life is to get in the way. If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted, and be a perfect nuisance, and make people mad, and have things thrown at his head, then he feels his day has not been wasted.

To get somebody to stumble over him is his highest aim and object; and, when he has succeeded in accomplishing this, his conceit becomes quite unbearable.

He came and sat down on things, just when they were wanted to be packed; and he laboured under the

fixed belief that, whenever Harris or George reached out their hand for anything, it was his cold, damp nose that they wanted. He put his leg into the jam, and he worried the teaspoons, and he pretended that the lemons were rats, and got into the hamper and killed three of them before Harris could land him with the frying-pan.

The packing was done at 12.50 ; and Harris sat on the big hamper, and said he hoped nothing would be found broken. George said that if anything was broken it *was* broken, which reflection seemed to comfort him. He also said he was ready for bed.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. The humour of Jerome K. Jerome is of a kind that always appeals to English people—honest, hearty, joyous, and without bitterness. In this latter respect it differs very much from that of a writer like Dean Swift, whose wit is remarkable, but bitter and cruel. The reason is probably that Swift seemed to hate men and women, while Jerome loved them, particularly those who were unfortunate. Are there any signs here of kindness ?

2. This extract should be read aloud. The style is not at all polished. In fact, at times it descends to slang, e.g., "*What I had meant was that I should boss the show.*" Select other examples.

3. But in such a rollicking book the lack of dignity in style is not a defect. In fact it is a merit. But a humorous writer, while using an easy style, must not let it become coarse or vulgar. Jerome never does this. Why would this be a great defect ?

4. Select three paragraphs that seem to you particularly funny. Try to explain why.

5. Write an essay, in a style as much like Jerome's as you can make it, on : "*Getting ready for a cycling tour.*"

6. Write George's account of how J. packed the bag.

7. Obtain a copy of *Three Men in a Boat*, and read the account of Uncle Podger hanging the picture (chap. iii.), the story of the cheeses (chap. iv.), and the way to fix canvas over a boat (chap. ii.). You will then certainly wish to read the whole book. Say what appears to you particularly humorous in these extracts.

8. Of course Jerome exaggerates. That is part of the fun. We do not seriously believe that what he said about himself and work is true, or that George and Harris were the worst packers in the world. Pick out other illustrations.

9. It is a mistake to regard Jerome only as a humorist. He had a very serious side to his nature, and some of his books abound in tender, serious passages. In this respect he resembles Tom Hood. Even *Three Men in a Boat* has many thoughtful paragraphs. Read, for instance, the close of chap. x. Try to find other examples.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. In this extract we read of a *Gladstone bag*. This is one illustration of an article bearing the name of a person—possibly the inventor, or some celebrated person who was in the habit of using the article. There are many such words. Look up, not the meaning, but the *derivation* of these words : *Sandwich*, *mackintosh*, *guillotine*, *Jacobites*, *hansom-cab*, *Wellingtons*, *boycott*, *macadamise*, *dunce*, *lynch*.

2. Can you give any others ?

3. PUNCTUATION. Punctuate the following, then test its accuracy by referring to the passage in the extract given here :

Ill take my oath I put it down on that chair said george staring at the empty seat I saw you do it myself not a minute ago said harris most extraordinary thing I ever heard of said george so mysterious said harris then george got round at the back of harris and saw it why here it is all the time he exclaimed indignantly where cried harris spinning round stand still can't you roared george flying after him.

4. Subordinate Clauses are called Noun Clauses, Adjectival Clauses, or Adverbial Clauses, according to the work they do. A clause, for instance, which describes a Noun and thus performs the work of an Adjective, is an Adjectival Clause.

Analyse into clauses, giving the name of each :

"My tooth-brush is a thing that haunts me when I'm travelling."

"When I had finished George asked whether the soap was in."

"He said it made him feel that life was not an idle dream."

"If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted, then he feels his day has not been wasted."

5. Write in Indirect Speech the conversation between George and Harris concerning the butter.

THE DEATH OF ARGYLE

— LORD MACAULAY —

Soon after the accession of James II., an insurrection was raised in Scotland in the hope of placing the Duke of Monmouth on the throne. The enterprise was led by the banished Earl of Argyle. It was a complete failure, and Argyle was captured. The account that follows is from Macaulay's *History of England*.

THE great calamity which had fallen on Argyle had this advantage, that it enabled him to show, by proofs not to be mistaken, what manner of man he was. From the day when he quitted Friesland to the day when his followers separated at Kilpatrick, he had never been a free agent. He had borne the responsibility of a long series of measures which his judgment disapproved. Now at length he stood alone. Captivity had restored to him the noblest kind of liberty, the liberty of governing himself in all his words and actions according to his own sense of the right and of the becoming. From that moment he became as one inspired with new wisdom and virtue. His intellect seemed to be strengthened and concentrated, his moral character to be at once elevated and softened. The insolence of the conquerors spared nothing that could try the temper of a man proud of ancient nobility and of patriarchal dominion. The prisoner was dragged through Edinburgh in triumph. He walked on foot, bareheaded, up the whole length of that stately street, which, overshadowed by dark and gigantic piles of stone, leads from Holyrood House to the Castle. Before him marched the hangman, bearing the ghastly instrument which was to be used at the quartering

block. The victorious party had not forgotten that, thirty-five years before this time, the father of Argyle had been at the head of the faction which put Montrose to death. Before that event the houses of Graham and Campbell had borne no love to each other ; and they had ever since been at deadly feud. Care was taken that the prisoner should pass through the same gate and the same streets through which Montrose had been led to the same doom. When the Earl reached the Castle his legs were put in irons, and he was informed that he had but a few days to live.

But neither the ignominious procession up the High Street, nor the near view of death, had power to disturb the gentle and majestic patience of Argyle. His fortitude was tried by a still more severe test. A paper of interrogatories was laid before him by order of the Privy Council. He replied to those questions to which he could reply without danger to any of his friends, and refused to say more. He was told that unless he returned fuller answers he should be put to the torture. James, who was doubtless sorry that he could not feast his own eyes with the sight of Argyle in the boots, sent down to Edinburgh positive orders that nothing should be omitted which could wring out of the traitor information against all who had been concerned in the treason. But menaces were vain. With torments and death in immediate prospect, MacCallum More thought far less of himself than of his poor clansmen. "I was busy this day," he wrote upon his cell, "treating for them, and in some hopes. But this evening orders came that I must die upon Monday or Tuesday ; and I am to be put to the torture if I answer not all questions upon oath. Yet I hope God shall support me."

The torture was not inflicted. Perhaps the mag-

nanimity of the victim had moved the conquerors to unwonted compassion. He himself remarked that at first they had been very harsh to him, but that they soon began to treat him with respect and kindness. God, he said, had melted their hearts. It is certain that he did not, to save himself from the utmost cruelty of his enemies, betray any of his friends. On the last morning of his life he wrote these words : " I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God he hath supported me wonderfully."

He composed his own epitaph, a short poem, full of meaning and spirit, simple and forcible in style, and not contemptible in versification. In this little piece he complained that, though his enemies had repeatedly decreed his death, his friends had been still more cruel. A comment on these expressions is to be found in a letter which he addressed to a lady residing in Holland. She had furnished him with a large sum of money for his expedition, and he thought her entitled to a full explanation of the causes which had led to his failure. He acquitted his coadjutors of treachery, but described their folly, their ignorance, and their factious perverseness, in terms which their own testimony has since proved to have been richly deserved. He afterwards doubted whether he had not used language too severe to become a dying Christian, and, in a separate paper, begged his friend to suppress what he had said of these men. " Only this I must acknowledge," he mildly added, " they were not governable."

Most of his few remaining hours were passed in devotion, and in affectionate intercourse with some members of his family. He professed no repentance on account of his last enterprise, but bewailed, with great emotion, his former compliance in spiritual things with the pleasure of the government. He had, he said, been justly punished. One who had so long

been guilty of cowardice and dissimulation was not worthy to be the instrument of salvation to the State and Church. Yet the cause, he frequently repeated, was the cause of God, and would assuredly triumph. "I do not," he said, "take on myself to be a prophet. But I have a strong impression on my spirit, that deliverance will come very suddenly." It is not strange that some zealous Presbyterians should have laid up his saying in their hearts, and should, at a later period, have attributed it to divine inspiration.

So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping, in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. "No, no," he said, "that

will do me no good." She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. "I have been," he said, "in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me——"

And now the Earl had risen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High Street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short interval which was still to elapse before the execution. During that interval he asked for pen and ink, and wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable; He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

It was now time to leave the Council House. He mounted the scaffold, where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the Maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech, tinctured with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, kneeled down, laid his head on the block, prayed during a few minutes, and gave the signal to the executioner. His head was fixed on the top of the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had formerly decayed.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Lord Macaulay is one of our greatest historians. Apart from his great knowledge and his power of tracing events and drawing vivid pictures of both incidents and people, his style of writing is masterly. It is a style that is quite his own. Stately and impressive, it has long rolling sentences, where fact is added to fact, adjective heaped on adjective, phrase piled on phrase, to heighten the effect.

Select from this extract sentences that illustrate these statements.

2. Note the powerful contrast he draws between the sleeping Argyle, who was faced with death, and the Lord of the Council. Write in your own words a brief account of this incident.

3. Can you complete the Lord of the Council's unfinished sentence :

“ ‘ *I have been in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me——* ’ ”

4. Copy out, and learn, the beautiful little letter written by Argyle to his wife.

5. Write an essay on :

“ Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.”

6. If you can obtain a copy of Macaulay's *History of England*, read the wonderful account of the siege and relief of Londonderry (chap. xii.).

7. Here is another word-picture by the same writer. Study it carefully, then write the substance of it in your own words :

“ ST. PETER’S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

“ In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul’s, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown ; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities ; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts.”

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Even as a boy, Macaulay loved long words. When but a child of four years old, some hot coffee having been spilt over his legs, he replied to a lady who asked him if he felt better, “ Madam, the agony has abated.”

This extract will provide you with a number of words where you will need to consult your Dictionary. Make a list of these, with their meanings.

2. Write Synonyms for : *Intellect, ignominious, stately, ghastly, victorious, feud, fortitude, menaces, suppress, acknowledge, affectionate, zealous, placid, renegade, remorse.*

3. Condense the last two paragraphs to half their length.

4. RELATIVE PRONOUNS. There are not many of these, but they are extremely important. They are *who*, *what*, *which*, *that*, and *as*, and are used in introducing a new clause to refer to a person or thing already named :

“That stately street *which* leads from Holyrood House to the Castle.”

“The troops *who* attended the procession . . .”

“Such men *as* could be found . . .”

The Noun or Pronoun to which the Relative Pronoun refers is called the *Antecedent*. The Relative Pronoun agrees in Number, Person, and Gender with its antecedent.

Give the Antecedent of the Relative Pronoun in each of the above examples.

5. Make a list of Relative Pronouns in this extract, giving in each case the Antecedent.

FUN IN THE WEST INDIES

— MICHAEL SCOTT —

Michael Scott (1789–1835) wrote a number of books, the best known being *Tom Cringle's Log*, from which this extract is taken. It is a rollicking book crowded with incidents, many of which are hardly probable. The time is the end of the eighteenth century, the period of the great wars with France. Tom Cringle is a young lieutenant in the Navy, stationed in the West Indies. He and his captain, Transom, with a merchant friend, Aaron Bang, are on a visit to the owner of a great Cuba estate, Don Ricardo Campana. The three friends were provided with beds arranged on tables in one large apartment.

A ARON undressed and lay down ; and there he was, with a candle on each side of his head, his red face surmounted by a redder handkerchief tied round his head, sticking out above the white sheet. All was now quiet.

“Hello ! what is that ? ” said Aaron, as if suddenly aroused from his slumbers. “I say, none of your fun, Transom.”

A large bat was *flapping* about, and I could hear him occasionally *whir* near our faces.

“Oh, a bat—hate bats—how the skipper snores! I hope there be no resurrection-men in St. Jago, or I shall be stolen away to a certainty before morning. How should I look as a skeleton in a glass case, eh?”

I heard no more, until, it might be, about midnight, when I was awakened, and frightened out of my wits, by Bang rolling *off* the table, and then we both rolled over and over on the floor.

“Murder!” roared Bang. “I am bewitched and bedevilled. Murder! a scorpion has dropped from the roof into my mouth, and stung me on the nose. Murder! Tom — Tom Cringle — Captain — Transom, my dear fellows, awake and send for the doctor. Oh, my wig—oh dear—oh dear——”

At this uproar I could hear Don Ricardo striking a light, and presently he appeared with a candle in his hand, more than half naked, with la señora peering through the half-opened door behind him.

“What is the matter? Where is *Señor Bang*?”

“*Mucho, mucho*,” shouted Bang from below the table. “Send for a doctoribus, Señor Richardum. I am dead—help!—help!”

“*What has* befallen him?” ejaculated Campana, addressing the skipper, who was by this time rubbing his eyes, and in great amazement.

“Tell him, my dear Transom, that a scorpion fell from the roof and stung me on the nose.”

“What says he?” inquired the Spaniard.

Poor Transom’s intellect was at this time none of the clearest, being more than half asleep, and not quite so sober as a hermit is wont to be; besides, he must needs speak Spanish, of which he was by no means master, which led to a very comical blunder. *Alacran*, in Spanish, means scorpion, and *Cayman*, an

alligator, not very similar in sound, certainly, but the *termination* being the same, he selected in the hurry the wrong phrase.

"He says," replied Transom in bad Spanish, "that he has swallowed an alligator, or something of that sort, sir." Then a loud yawn.

"Swallowed a what?" rejoined Campana, greatly astonished.

"No, no," snorted the captain—"I am wrong—he says he has been *stung* by an alligator."

"Stung by an alligator!—impossible."

"Why, then," persisted the skipper, "if he be not stung by an alligator, or if he has not *really* swallowed one, at all events, an alligator has either stung or swallowed him—so make the most of it, Don Ricardo."

"Why, this is absurd, with all submission," continued Campana; "how could he swallow an alligator, or an alligator get into my house to annoy him?"

"That's his look out," said Transom, very sleepy. "You are very unreasonable, Don Ricardo; all that is the affair of friend Bang and the alligator; my purpose is solely to convey his meaning *faithfully*"—a loud snore.

"Oh," said Campana, laughing, "I see, I see; I left your friend on the table, but now I see he is under it."

"Help, good people, help!" roared Bang—"help, or my nose will reach from this to the Moro Castle. Help!"

We got him out, and were I to live a thousand years, which would be a tolerably good spell, I don't think I could forget his appearance. His nose, usually the smallest article of the kind that I ever saw, was now swollen as large as my fist, and as purple as a mulberry—the distension of the skin, from the venomous sting of the reptile—for stung he *had been* by a scorpion—

made it semi-transparent, so that it looked like a large *blob* of currant jelly hung on a peg in the middle of his face, or a gigantic leech, gorged with blood, giving his visage the semblance of some grotesque old-fashioned dial, with a fantastic gnomon.

“A poultice—a poultice—a poultice, good people, or I shall presently be all nose together,” and a poultice was promptly manufactured from a mashed pumpkin, and he was put to bed, with his face covered up with it, as if an Italian artist had been taking a cast of his beauties in plaster of Paris.

In the application of this said poultice, however, we had nearly extinguished poor Aaron amongst us, by suffocating him outright; for the skipper, who was the operating surgeon in the first instance, with me for his mate, clapped a whole ladleful over his mouth and nose, which, besides being scalding hot, sealed those orifices effectually, and, indeed, about a couple of tablespoonfuls had actually been forced down his gullet, notwithstanding his struggles, and exclamations of “Pumpkin—bad—softened with castor oil—skipper, you’ll choke me”—spurt—sputter—sputter—“choke me, man.”

“Let me manage,” said Don Ricardo, and he got a small tube of wild cane, which he stuck into Bang’s mouth, through a hole in the poultice cloth, and set a negro servant to watch that it did not sink into his gullet, as he fell asleep, and with instructions to take the poultice off whenever the pain abated; and there he lay on his back, whistling through this artificial beak, like a sick snipe.

At length, however, all hands of us seemed to have fallen asleep; but towards the dawning I was awakened by repeated bursts of suppressed laughter, and upon looking in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, I was surprised beyond all measure to observe

Transom in a corner of the room in his trousers and shirt, squatted like a tailor on his hams, with one of the sable damsels on her knees beside him holding a candle, while His Majesty's Post Captain was plying his needle in a style and with a dexterity that would have charmed our friend Stultze exceedingly, and every now and then bending double over his work, and swinging his body backwards and forwards, with the water welling from his eyes, laughing all the while like to choke himself. As for his bronze candlestick, I thought she would have expired on the spot, with her white teeth glancing like ivory, and the tears running down her cheeks, as she every now and then clapped a handkerchief on her mouth to smother the uncontrollable uproariousness of her mirth.

"Why, captain, what spree is this?" said I.

"Never you mind, but come here. I say, Mr. Cringle, do you see him piping away there?"—and there he was, sure enough, still gurgling through the wild cane—with his black guardian, whose province it was to have removed the poultice, sound asleep, snoring in the huge chair at Bang's head, wherein he had established himself, while the candle at his patient's cheek was flickering in the socket.

My superior was evidently bent on wickedness.

"Get up and put on your trousers, man."

I did so.

"Now wait a bit till I cooper him. Here, my darling"—to the sable virgin, who was now on the *qui vive*, bustling about—"here," said the captain, sticking out a leg of Bang's trousers, "hold you there, my dear."

She happened to be a native of Haiti, and comprehended his French.

"Now, hold *you* that, Mr. Cringle."

I took hold of the other leg, and held it in a fitting

position, while Transom deliberately sewed them both up.

“Now for the coat sleeves.”

We sealed them in a similar manner.

“So—now for his shirt.”

We sewed up the stem, and then the stern, converting it into an outlandish-looking pillow-case, and finally both sleeves; and last of all, we got two live land-crabs from the servants, by dint of persuasion and a little *plata*, and clapped one into each stocking-foot.

We then dressed ourselves, and when all was ready, we got a piece of tape for a lanyard, and made one end fast to the handle of a large earthen water-jar, full to the brim, which we placed on Bang’s pillow, and passed the other end round the neck of the sleeping negro.

“Now get you to bed,” said the captain to the dingy handmaiden, “and stand by to be off, Mr. Cringle.”

He stepped to Don Ricardo’s bedroom door, and tapped loudly.

“Hillo!” quoth the Don. On this hint, like men springing a mine, the last who leave the sap, we sprang into the street, when the skipper turned, and taking aim with a large custard-apple which he had armed himself with (I have formerly described this fruit as resembling a russet bag of cold pudding), he let fly. Spin flew the apple—bash on the blackamoor’s obtuse snout. He started back and in his terror and astonishment threw a *somersault* over the back of his chair—gush poured the water—smash fell the pipkin—“Murder,” roared Bang, dashing off the poultice cast, with such fury that it lighted in the street—and away we raced at the top of our speed.

We ran as fast as our legs could carry us for two hundred yards, and then turning, walked deliberately

home again, as if we had been out taking a walk in the cool morning air.

As we approached, we heard the yells of a negro, and Bang high in anger.

“You black rascal, nothing must serve your turn but practising your John Canoe tricks upon a gentleman—take that, you villain, as a small recompense for floating me out of my bed—or rather off the table,” and the ludicrousness of his couch seemed to come over the worthy fellow once more, and he laughed loud and long—“Poor rascal, I hope I have not hurt you?—here, Quashi, there’s a pistole, go buy a plaster for your broken pate.”

By this we had returned in front of the house, and as we ascended the front stairs, we again heard a loud racketing within; but blackie’s voice was now wanting in the row, wherein the Spaniard and our friend appeared to be the *dramatis personæ*—and sure enough there was Don Ricardo and Bang at it, tooth and nail.

“Allow me to assist you,” quoth the Don.

“Oh no—*mucho—mucho*,” quoth Bang, who was spinning round and round on one leg, trying to thrust his foot into his trousers; but the garment was impervious; and, after emulating Noblet in a pirouette, he sat down in despair. We appeared—“Ah, Transom, glad to see you—some evil spirit has bewitched me, I believe—overnight I was stung to death by a scorpion—half an hour ago I was deluged by an invisible spirit—and just now when I got up, and began to pull on my stockings, Lord! a land-crab was in the toe part, and see how he has scarified me”—forking up his peg—“I then tried my trousers,” he continued, in a most doleful tone—“and lo! the legs are sealed. And look at my face, saw you ever such an unfortunate? But, Transom, I see through your tricks now, and will pay you off for this yet, take my word for it.”

The truth is, that our amigo Aaron had gotten an awful fright on his first awakening after his cold bath, for he had given the poor black fellow an ugly blow upon the face, before he had gathered his senses well about him, and the next moment seeing the blood streaming from his nose, and mixing with the custard-like pulp of the fruit with which his face was plastered, he took it into his noddle that he had knocked the man's brains out. However, we righted the worthy fellow the best way we could, and shortly afterwards coffee was brought, and Bang, having got himself shaven and dressed, began to forget all his botherations. But before we left the house, madama, Don Ricardo's better half, insisted on anointing his nose with some mixture famous for reptile bites. His natural good-breeding made him submit to the application, which was neither more nor less than an infusion of indigo and ginger, with which the worthy lady painted our friend's face and muzzle in a most ludicrous manner—it was *heads* and *tails* between him and an ancient Briton.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Michael Scott was not a really great writer, and much of his work has died. But Tom Cringle is likely to survive.

Why do certain books live? This is a difficult question, but certain reasons may easily be given. Some live because the story itself (or *Plot*) is excellent, some because of the very vivid word-portraits (or *characterisation*), some because of the arresting *incidents*, and some because of the *style* of writing. Which of these causes do you think accounts for the popularity of *Tom Cringle's Log*? Give reasons.

2. One of the characteristics of the book is its rollicking humour. This extract is a good sample. Notice that there is both *humorous incident* and *humorous phrasing*. Give examples of each.

3. The style is by no means dignified. At times it is actual slang (e.g., "*bash on the blackamoor's obtuse snout*"), and even ungrammatical (e.g., "*There was Don Ricardo and Bang hard at it*"). Select other examples.

4. Why is it that the reader is neither surprised nor displeased by this?

5. What points of resemblance are there between the style of Michael Scott and of Marryat, as shown in the latter's *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, for instance?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Notice the words *flaffing*, *whir*. The first is Scott's own word, invented to describe the sound of the large bat's wings. It is a good one, but is not commonly used. *Whir* is similarly an *imitative* word, attempting to reproduce the sound. Another such word is *hiss*. Try to make a list of other imitative words.

2. Explain these phrases: *This artificial beak; sealed these orifices effectually; sable damsel; squatted on his hams; his bronze candlestick; wait till I cooper him; we sewed up the stem, and then the stern; the dingy handmaiden.*

3. Notice the Similes, which Michael Scott uses in great numbers, e.g., *as large as my fist; as purple as a mulberry; his nose looked like a large blob of currant jelly, or a gigantic leech gorged with blood.*

Make a complete list of the Similes.

4. METAPHORS. Sometimes the idea in a Simile is carried further, and instead of saying one thing is *like* another, the

writer says it is the other. In this case we say he is using a Metaphor. Thus :

“ The maid was *like a bronze candlestick* ” (Simile).

“ He was being helped *by a bronze candlestick* ” (Metaphor).

Compile a list of Metaphors in this extract.

5. Write in full Bang's speech as he would have made it if he could : “ ‘ *Pumpkin—bad—softened with castor oil—skipper, you'll choke me* ’—*spurt—sputter—sputter—‘ choke me, man.*’ ”

6. Break up into shorter sentences :

“ *His nose, usually the smallest article of the kind I ever saw, was now swollen as large as my fist, and as purple as a mulberry—the distension of the skin, from the venomous sting of the reptile—for stung he had been by a scorpion—made it semi-transparent, so that it looked like a large blob of currant jelly hung on a peg in the middle of his face, or a gigantic leech, gorged with blood, giving his visage the semblance of some grotesque old-fashioned dial, with a fantastic gnomon.* ”

7. Do the same with the very long sentence beginning :

“ *At length, however, all hands of us seemed to have fallen asleep . . .* ”

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

— TOM HOOD —

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben, he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone ?"
She cried, and wept outright.
"Then I will to the waterside,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her ;
“ Now, young woman,” said he,
“ If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.”

“ Alas ! they’ve taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow.”
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she’d said, Gee-woe !

Says he, “ They’ve only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see.”
“ The Tender ship,” cried Sally Brown,
“ What a hardship that must be.”

Now Ben he sailed to many a place
That’s underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she’d got another Ben
Whose Christian name was John.

“ O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so ?
I’ve met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow.”

Then reading on his ’bacca-box ¹
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

¹ A sailor’s tobacco-box often bore the couplet :

“ If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.”

And then he tried to sing "All's well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befel;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Tom Hood had a great gift for writing humorous verse. In particular, he was the most accomplished punster English literature has produced. This poem is full of puns—some of them remarkably ingenious. What is a pun?

2. Make a list of those that occur in this extract.

3. You will find other clever examples in his poems, *Tim Turpin*, *Faithless Nelly Gray*, *John Trot*, etc. Probably Hood himself was sometimes unconscious of his puns. At any rate, in a most tragic poem he wrote:

"While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And *twit* me with the spring."

Twit, here, is a pun, but one cannot think Hood meant it.

4. Tom Hood was more than a humorist. He had a sweet, gentle nature, and human suffering moved him deeply. Read *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, and show that this is the case.

5. Write a short account of his life.

6. Try to write, in Hood's style, a short poem on a reckless motor-cyclist.

7. The pun is best avoided in your ordinary work. Why?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Point out the puns in the following :

(a) A boy who wrote of the *patriarchs* as *partridges* was told he ought not to make game of them.

(b) He saw before his eyes

A great judge and a little judge,
The judges of assize.

(c) Theodore Hook, recalled from an important office because his accounts were not satisfactory, was asked by a friend if his health was weak. He replied, "They think there is something wrong with the chest."

2. Rewrite the following as verse :

"*I saw old Autumn in the misty morn stand shadowless
like Silence, listening to silence, for no lonely bird would
sing into his hollow ear from woods forlorn, nor lowly
hedge nor solitary thorn ; shaking his languid locks all
dewy bright with tangled gossamer that fell by night pearling
his coronet of golden corn.*"

[These charming lines are the opening of Tom Hood's *Autumn*.]

3. Many of our words are really compound words, formed by writing two shorter words. This is quite a different thing from forming a word by placing a prefix before a stem. For instance, *export* has the prefix *ex* placed before the stem *-port* ; but *waterman* is a compound word, composed of the words *water* and *man*. So also in this poem we have *press-gang*, and *boat-swain*, the real meaning of which is curiously revealed by the pun. In older books we read of a *shipman*, a word displaced by our word *sailor*.

Write as complete a list as you can of such words.

4. The metre of this poem is a familiar and easy one. The first and third lines consist of four Iambic feet (Iambic Tetrameter) and the second and fourth of three such feet (Iambic Trimeter). This combination, which has been much used for simple tales and ballads, is called Ballad Metre.

Look in an anthology for other examples of its use.

Copy out a verse, marking the feet and accents.

5. Write as verse :

*“ Come hither Evan Cameron come stand beside my knee
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea
there’s shouting on the mountain side there’s war within
the blast old faces look upon me old forms go trooping past
I hear the pibroch wailing amid the din of fight and my dim
spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.”*

GABRIEL GRUB

— CHARLES DICKENS —

This tale was told by Mr. Wardle to the company, including Mr. Pickwick and his friends, who were gathered at Dingley Dell to celebrate Christmas (*Pickwick Papers*, chap. xxix.).

IN an old abbey town, down in this part of the country, a long, long while ago—so long, that the story must be a true one, because our great grandfathers implicitly believed it—there officiated, as sexton and grave-digger in the churchyard, one Gabriel Grub. It by no means follows that because a man is a sexton, and constantly surrounded by the emblems of mortality, therefore he should be a morose and melancholy man ; your undertakers are the merriest fellows in the world ; and I once had the honour of being on intimate terms with a mute, who in private life, and off duty, was as comical and jocose a little fellow as ever chirped out

a devil-may-care song, without a hitch in his memory, or drained off the contents of a good stiff glass without stopping for breath. But, notwithstanding these precedents to the contrary, Gabriel Grub was an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow—a morose and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself, and an old wicker bottle which fitted into his large deep waistcoat pocket—and who eyed each merry face, as it passed him by, with such a deep scowl of malice and ill-humour, as it was difficult to meet, without feeling something the worse for.

A little before twilight, one Christmas Eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard; for he had got a grave to finish by next morning, and, feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits, perhaps, if he went on with his work at once. As he went his way, up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them; he marked the bustling preparations for next day's cheer, and smelt the numerous savoury odours consequent thereupon, as they steamed up from the kitchen windows in clouds. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and when groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals who crowded round them as they flocked upstairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, thrush, whooping-cough, and a good many other sources of consolation besides.

In this happy frame of mind Gabriel strode along,

returning a short, sullen growl to the good-humoured greetings of such of his neighbours as now and then passed him, until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard. Now, Gabriel had been looking forward to reaching the dark lane, because it was, generally speaking, a nice, gloomy, mournful place, into which the townspeople did not much care to go, except in broad daylight, and when the sun was shining; consequently, he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas in this very sanctuary, which had been called Coffin Lane ever since the days of the old abbey, and the time of the shaven-headed monks. As Gabriel walked on, and the voice drew nearer, he found it proceeded from a small boy who was hurrying along to join one of the little parties in the old street, and who, partly to keep himself company, and partly to prepare himself for the occasion, was shouting out the song at the highest pitch of his lungs. So Gabriel waited until the boy came up, and then dodged him into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away with his hand to his head, singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself, and entered the churchyard, locking the gate behind him.

He took off his coat, put down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so with right goodwill. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no very easy matter to break it up, and shovel it out; and although there was a moon it was a very young one, and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other time these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable; but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's

singing that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave, when he had finished work for the night, with grim satisfaction, murmuring as he gathered up his things :

“ Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done ;
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet,
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat ;
Rank grass over head, and damp clay around,
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground ! ”

“ Ho ! ho ! ” laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone which was a favourite resting-place of his, and drew forth his wicker bottle. “ A coffin at Christmas ! A Christmas box. Ho ! ho ! ho ! ”

“ Ho ! ho ! ho ! ” repeated a voice which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused, in some alarm, in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet than the churchyard in the pale moonlight. The cold hoar-frost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems among the stone carvings of the old church. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground, and spread over the thickly strewn mounds of earth so white and smooth a cover that it seemed as if corpses lay there, hidden only by their winding sheets. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up, all was so cold and still.

“ It was the echoes,” said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

“ It was *not*,” said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot with astonishment and terror, for his eyes rested on a form that made his blood run cold.



*"Gabriel started up, and stood rooted
to the spot."*

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long fantastic legs, which might have reached the ground, were cocked up and crossed after a quaint, fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare, and his hands rested on his knees. On his short round body he wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes; a short cloak dangled at his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at his toes into long points. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost; and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"It was *not* the echoes," said the goblin.

Gabriel Grub was paralysed, and could make no reply.

"What do you do here on Christmas Eve?" said the goblin sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round—nothing was to be seen.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

“Who drinks Hollands alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night as this?” said the goblin.

“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!” exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and then raising his voice, exclaimed:

“And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?”

To this inquiry the invisible chorus replied, in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the old church organ—a strain that seemed borne to the sexton’s ears upon a wild wind, and to die away as it passed onward; but the burden of the reply was still the same, “Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

The goblin grinned a broader grin than before as he said, “Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?”

The sexton gasped for breath.

“What do you think of this, Gabriel?” said the goblin, kicking up his feet in the air on either side of the tombstone, and looking at the turned-up points with as much complacency as if he had been contemplating the most fashionable pair of Wellingtons in all Bond Street.

“It’s—it’s—very curious, sir,” replied the sexton, half dead with fright; “very curious, and very pretty, but I think I’ll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please.”

“Work!” said the goblin; “what work?”

“The grave, sir; making the grave,” stammered the sexton.

“Oh, the grave, eh?” said the goblin; “who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?”

Again the mysterious voices replied, “Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

“I’m afraid my friends want you, Gabriel,” said

the goblin, thrusting his tongue further into his cheek than ever—and a most astonishing tongue it was. “I’m afraid my friends want you, Gabriel,” said the goblin.

“Under favour, sir,” replied the horror-stricken sexton; “I don’t think they can, sir; they don’t know me, sir; I don’t think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir.”

“Oh yes, they have,” replied the goblin; “we know the man with the sulky face and grim scowl, that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying spade the tighter. We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him, we know him.”

Here the goblin gave a loud shrill laugh, which the echoes returned twentyfold, and, throwing his legs up in the air, stood upon his head, or rather upon the very point of his sugar-loaf hat, on the narrow edge of the tombstone, whence he threw a somerset with extraordinary agility, right to the sexton’s feet, at which he planted himself in the attitude in which tailors generally sit upon the shopboard.

“I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir,” said the sexton, making an effort to move.

“Leave us?” said the goblin; “Gabriel Grub going to leave us. Ho! ho! ho!”

As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed, for one instant, a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church as if the whole building were lighted up; it disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones, never stopping for an instant to take breath, but “overing” the highest among them, one after the other, with the most marvellous dexterity. The first goblin was a most astonish-

ing leaper, and none of the others could come near him ; even in the extremity of his terror the sexton could not help observing that while his friends were content to leap over the common-sized gravestones, the first one took the family vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street posts.

At last the game reached to a most exciting pitch ; the organ played quicker and quicker ; and the goblins leaped faster and faster, coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like footballs. The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath him as the spirits flew before his eyes, when the goblin king, suddenly darting towards him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

When Gabriel Grub had had time to fetch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had for the moment taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins, ugly and grim ; in the centre of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the churchyard, and close beside him stood Gabriel Grub himself, without power of motion.

"Cold to-night," said the king of the goblins ; "very cold. A glass of something warm, here !"

At this command, half a dozen officious goblins, with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers, on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

"Ah !" cried the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were transparent, as he tossed down the flame. "This warms one, indeed ! Bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub."

It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night ; one of the goblins held him, while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat ; the whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed and choked, and wiped away the tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes after swallowing the burning draught.

“ And now,” said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton’s eye, and thereby occasioning him the most exquisite pain, “ and now, show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse ! ”

As the goblin said this a thick cloud which obscured the remoter end of the cavern rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily furnished but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother’s gown, and gambolling around her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain as if to look for some expected object ; a frugal meal was ready spread upon the table, and an elbow chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door ; the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy as their father entered. He was wet and weary, and shook the snow from his garments as the children crowded round him, and seizing his cloak, hat, stick, and gloves, with busy zeal, ran with them from the room. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bedroom where the fairest and youngest child lay dying—the

roses had fled from his cheek and the light from his eye ; and, even as the sexton looked upon him with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy ; but they shrank back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face ; for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an Angel looking down upon, and blessing them, from a bright and happy Heaven.

Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half ; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye as they crowded round the fireside, and told and listened to old stories of earlier and bygone days. Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave, and, soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him to a place of rest. The few who yet survived them, knelt by their tomb and watered the green turf which covered it with their tears ; then rose and turned away : sadly and mournfully, but not with bitter cries, or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again : and once more they mixed with the busy world and their content and cheerfulness were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture, and concealed it from the sexton's view.

"What do you think of *that* ?" said the goblin, turning his large face towards Gabriel Grub.

Gabriel murmured out something about its being very pretty, and looked somewhat ashamed, as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

"*You* a miserable man !" said the goblin, in a tone of excessive contempt. "*You !*" He appeared dis-

posed to add more, but indignation choked his utterance, so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and flourishing it above his head a little, to insure his aim, administered a good sound kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which all the goblins in waiting crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy, according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

“Show him some more!” said the king of the goblins.

At these words the cloud was dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view—there is just such another, to this day, within half a mile of the old abbey town. The sun shone from out the clear blue sky, the water sparkled beneath his rays, and the trees looked greener, and the flowers more gay, beneath his cheering influence. The water rippled on, with a pleasant sound; the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves; the birds sang upon the boughs; and the lark carolled on high her welcome to the morning. Yes, it was morning; the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. The ant crept forth to her daily toil, the butterfly fluttered and basked in the warm rays of the sun; myriads of insects spread their transparent wings, and revelled in their brief but happy existence. Man walked forth, elated with the scene; and all was brightness and splendour.

“*You* a miserable man!” said the king of the goblins, in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave his leg a flourish; again it descended on the shoulders of the sexton; and again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with pain from the frequent applications of the goblins' feet, looked on with an interest that nothing could diminish. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labour, were cheerful and happy; and that to the most ignorant, the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. He saw those who had been delicately nurtured, and tenderly brought up, cheerful under privations, and superior to suffering that would have crushed many of a rougher grain, because they bore within their own bosoms the materials of happiness, contentment, and peace. He saw that women, the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures, were the oftenest superior to sorrow, adversity, and distress; and he saw that it was because they bore, in their own hearts, an inexhaustible wellspring of affection and devotion. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable sort of world after all. No sooner had he formed it than the cloud which closed over the last picture seemed to settle on his senses, and lull him to repose. One by one the goblins faded from his sight; and, as the last one disappeared, he sunk to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker bottle lying empty by his side, and his coat, spade, and lantern, all well whitened by the last night's frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first seen the goblin seated stood bolt upright before him, and the

grave at which he had worked the night before was not far off. At first he began to doubt the reality of his adventures, but the acute pain in his shoulders when he attempted to rise assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not ideal. He was staggered again, by observing no traces of footsteps in the snow on which the goblins had played at leap-frog with the gravestones, but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that, being spirits, they would leave no visible impression behind them. So Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could for the pain in his back ; and brushing the frost off his coat, put it on, and turned his face towards the town.

But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments ; and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

The lantern, the spade, and the wicker bottle were found that day in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate at first, but it was speedily determined that he had been carried away by the goblins ; and there were not wanting some very credible witnesses who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse blind of one eye, with the hindquarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. At length all this was devoutly believed ; and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious, for a trifling emolument, a good-sized piece of the church weathercock which had been accidentally kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his aerial flight, and picked up by himself in the churchyard a year or two afterwards.

Unfortunately these stories were somewhat dis-

turbed by the unlooked-for reappearance of Gabriel Grub himself, some ten years afterwards, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman, and also to the mayor ; and in course of time it began to be received, as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to this very day. The believers in the weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once, were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again, so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone ; and they affected to explain what he supposed he had witnessed in the goblin's cavern, by saying that he had seen the world and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time, gradually died off ; and be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism to the end of his days, this story has at least one moral, if it teach no better one—and that is, that if a man turn sulky and drink by himself at Christmas time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it ; let the spirits be never so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof, as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblin's cavern.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Charles Dickens was one of the few great novelists who were equally skilful in writing either a long novel or a short story. Scott was another, and so, in later days, was Thomas Hardy. "Gabriel Grub" is a fine example of Dickens' skill. Others, also in the *Pickwick Papers*, are "The Bagman's Story" (chap. xiv.), and the "Story of the Bagman's Uncle" (chap. xlix.). Read these, and write a summary of one.

2. The story given here has many touches of delightful humour. Point these out.

3. There is, though, an undercurrent of seriousness. What is the lesson Dickens meant to convey?

4. Write the speech the goblin-king might have made to his subjects before coming to the church.

5. Notice the vivid word-pictures Dickens gives here: *e.g.*, the picture of Gabriel Grub, the picture of the goblin-king, the picture of "*a rich and beautiful landscape.*" Using these as models, write word-pictures of (a) a miser, (b) a fairy-king, (c) a winter scene.

6. Read aloud the song the sexton sang. Why does it seem very suitable?

7. Write a six-line verse which he might have sung after his return, taking as his theme the poor little cottage where he dwelt.

8. Write a conversation between one who believed and one who disbelieved the tale.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. This story contains a considerable number of long words. These must be thoroughly mastered if you are to

appreciate the story fully. Make a list, and give meanings.

2. Explain these phrases : *Constantly surrounded by the emblems of mortality ; notwithstanding these precedents to the contrary ; he consorted with nobody but himself ; gall and wormwood ; to teach him to modulate his voice ; the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene ; a quaint, fantastic fashion ; extraordinary agility ; the very counterpart of the first one ; the established and invariable custom of courtiers ; instinct with life ; an inexhaustible well-spring of affection.*

3. Notice the skilful use of Adjectives, sometimes with an apparent contradiction ; e.g., the description of Gabriel Grub—" *an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly, morose, lonely man* " ; or of the lane—" *a nice, gloomy, mournful place.* "

Explain the suitability of these, and search out other examples.

4. Notice that instead of an Adjective, we may get, for the sake of variety and effect, a phrase, usually a Preposition and Noun. Thus in the story we have "*The man of misery and gloom,*" instead of "*The miserable and gloomy man.*" Transform in this way the following sentences :

(a) It was no *easy* matter.

(b) The sexton observed a *brilliant* illumination.

(c) A *rich and beautiful* landscape was disclosed to view.

(d) Insects revelled in their *brief but happy* existence.

(e) He reappeared, a *ragged, contented, rheumatic* old man.

5. Punctuate the following, and then check it by reference to the extract :

It was not the echoes said the goblin gabriel grub was paralysed and could make no reply what do you do here on christmas eve said the goblin sternly I came to dig a grave sir stammered gabriel grub what man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this cried the goblin gabriel grub gabriel grub screamed a wild chorus of voices.

IN LADY STREET

— JOHN DRINKWATER —

ALL day long the traffic goes
In Lady Street by dingy rows
Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
Fried fish, old clothes, and fortune-tellers—
Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
And lorries with their corded bales,
And screeching cars. “Buy, buy!” the sellers
Of rags and bones and sickening meat
Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
In Lady Street, then all the grey
Dull desolation grows in state
More dull and grey and desolate,
And the sun is a shamefast thing,
A lord not comely-housed, a god
Seeing what gods must blush to see,
A song where it is ill to sing,
And each gold ray despiteously
Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
Looks for the sun. He never bent
Life to his will, his travelling feet
Have scaled no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
He lives in Lady Street; a bed,
Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long

A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
The wind among the barley blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers
On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
Slicing the sinewy roots ; he sees
The hooded filberts in the copse
Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
The netted avenues of hops ;
He smells the honeysuckle thrown
Along the hedge. He lives alone,
Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.
Aye, Gloucester lanes. For down below
The cobwebbed room this grey man plies
A trade, a coloured trade. A show
Of many-coloured merchandise
Is in his shop. Brown filberts there
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy brave chrysanthemums.
And times a glossy pheasant lies
Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
More rich than are the neck-feathers ;
And times a prize of violets,
Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned,
And times an unfamiliar wind
Robbed of its woodland favour stirs
Gay daffodils this grey man sets
Among his treasures.

All day long

In Lady Street, the traffic goes
By dingy houses, desolate rows

Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes.
 Day long the sellers cry their cries,
 The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
 Of lives that know not any right,
 And drift, that has not even the will
 To drift, toils through the day until
 The wage of sleep is won at night.
 But this grey man heeds not at all
 The hell of Lady Street. His stall
 Of many-coloured merchandise
 He makes a shining paradise,
 As all day long chrysanthemums
 He sells, and red and yellow plums
 And cauliflowers. In that one spot
 Of Lady Street the sun is not
 Ashamed to shine and send a rare
 Shower of colour through the air ;
 The grey man says the sun is sweet
 On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This is a most striking poem, and in every way a vivid, arresting piece of work. Three pictures stand out very sharply, drawn with wonderful skill. The first is the picture of the dreadful street. Notice how mercilessly all the horror of this squalid spot is brought out. Try to set the picture out in prose.

2. The second picture is that of the grey man's youth. Where was it spent ? What scenes filled it ?

3. The third picture is that of the shop. Write a description of this, being careful to preserve the importance of *colour*.

4. Now read the poem again and note the sharp contrast between "*the hell of Lady Street*" and the scenes the shop recalls. Set these out point by point.

5. Observe how powerfully the portrait of the old man is drawn in a few lines :

". . . He never bent
Life to his will, his travelling feet
Have scaled no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong."

Explain fully these lines.

6. Yet note how even this feeble old man, though not able to control circumstances, can triumph over the evil that they bring. Write a clear explanation of this.

7. Turn back to the essay you wrote on "*Stone walls do not a prison make*," and rewrite it, bearing in mind this poem.

8. Notice also in the poem the skilful use of separate small details to create a general effect. Point out how this is so in the case of (a) the street, (b) the shop.

9. There are repetitions. Point out some.

10. In some poems this would be a fault. Here it is not so. Why ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Adjectives are skilfully used in this poem, e.g., *sloven* houses, *silver-shining* rails, *sickening* meat. Make a list of such instances.

2. Notice the compound words the author uses with great skill, e.g., *comely-housed*. Make a list of them and explain each.

3. Explain :

“ . . . a god
Seeing what gods must blush to see.”

“ . . . not Tyrian dyes
More rich than are the neck-feathers.”

“ And drift, that has not even the will
To drift, toils through the day until
The wage of sleep is won at last.”

4. What Nouns correspond to the following Adjectives :
*Desolate, dull, shamefast, ironic, sinewy, smooth, gaudy,
unfamiliar, dingy, sloven, ashamed ?*

5. The metre of the poem is one with which you are now familiar. It consists of couplets of Iambic Tetrameters. But some lines, like the first, are irregular. In the first line the accent is on *all*, not on *day*. The omission of the unaccented syllable further emphasizes *all*.

Copy out six lines of the poem and mark the feet and the accents, thus :

“ *And w_hén the súnshine hás its wáy.*”

THE SQUALL

— SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD —

This is an extract from Sir H. Rider Haggard's famous novel, *She*. Mr. Holly, a great scholar, and his adopted nephew, Leo Vincey, a fine athletic young man, learn from a document left by Leo's father of a legend that far in the interior of Africa is a wonderful ruined city where dwells a woman of wondrous power and beauty. They determine to search for the city, and are accompanied by Mr. Holly's faithful servant, Job.

HOW different is the scene whereof I have now to tell from that which has just been told ! Gone are the quiet college rooms, gone the wind-swayed English elms, the cawing rooks, and the familiar volumes on the shelves, and in their place there rises a vision of the great calm ocean gleaming in shaded silver lights beneath the beams of a full African moon. A gentle breeze fills the huge sail of our dhow, and draws us through the water that ripples musically against her sides. Most of the men are sleeping forward, for it is near midnight, but a stout swarthy Arab, Mahomed by name, stands at the tiller, lazily steering by the stars. Three miles or more to our starboard is a low, dim line. It is the eastern shore of Central Africa. We are running to the southward, before the north-east monsoon, between the mainland and the reef that for hundreds of miles fringes this perilous coast. The night is quiet, so quiet that a whisper can be heard fore and aft the dhow ; so quiet that a faint booming sound rolls across the water to us from the distant land.

The Arab at the tiller holds up his hand, and says one word :—“ *Simba* (lion) ! ”

We all sit up and listen. Then it comes again, a slow, majestic sound that thrills us to the marrow.

"To-morrow by ten o'clock," I say, "we ought, if the captain is not out in his reckoning, which I think very probable, to make this mysterious rock with a man's head and begin our shooting."

"And begin our search for the ruined city and the Fire of Life," corrected Leo, taking his pipe from his mouth, and laughing a little.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You were airing your Arabic with that man at the tiller this afternoon. What did he tell you? He has been trading (slave-trading probably) up and down these latitudes for half of his iniquitous life, and once landed on this very 'man' rock. Did he ever hear anything of the ruined city or the caves?"

"No," answered Leo. "He says that the country is all swamp behind, and full of snakes, especially pythons, and game, and that no man lives there. But then there is a belt of swamp all along the East African coast, so that does not go for much."

"Yes," I said, "it does—it goes for malaria. You see what sort of an opinion these gentry have of the country. Not one of them will come with us. They think that we are mad, and upon my word I believe that they are right. If ever we see Old England again I shall be astonished. However, it does not greatly matter to me at my age, but I am anxious for you, Leo, and for Job. It's a Tom Fool's business, my boy."

"All right, Uncle Horace. So far as I am concerned I am willing to take my chance. Look! What is that cloud?" and he pointed to a dark blotch upon the starry sky some miles astern of us.

"Go and ask the man at the tiller," I said.

He rose, stretched his arms, and went. Presently he returned.

"He says it is a squall, but that it will pass far on one side of us."

Just then Job came up, looking very stout and English in his shooting-suit of brown flannel, and with a sort of perplexed appearance upon his honest round face that had been very common with him since he sailed into these strange waters.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his sun hat, which was stuck on to the back of his head in a somewhat ludicrous fashion, "as we have got all those guns and things in the whale-boat astern, to say nothing of the provisions in the lockers, I think it would be best if I slipped down and slept in her. I don't like the looks" (here he dropped his voice to a portentous whisper) "of these black gentry; they have such a wonderful thievish way about them. Supposing now that some of them were to sneak into the boat at night and cut the cable, and make off with her! That would be a pretty go, that would."

The whale-boat, I may explain, was one specially built for us at Dundee, in Scotland. We had brought it with us as we knew that this coast is a network of creeks, and that we might require something in which to navigate them. She was a beautiful boat, thirty feet in length, with a centre-board for sailing, copper-bottomed to keep the worm out of her, and full of water-tight compartments. The captain of the dhow had told us that when we reached the rock, which he knew, and that appeared to be identical with the one described upon the sherd and by Leo's father, he would probably not be able to run up to it on account of the shallows and breakers. Therefore we had employed three hours that very morning, whilst we were totally becalmed, the wind having dropped at sunrise, in transferring most of our goods and chattels to the whale-boat, and placing the guns, ammunition, and preserved provisions in the water-tight lockers specially prepared for them, so that when we did sight the fabled

rock we should have nothing to do but get into the boat, and run her ashore. Another reason that induced us to take this precautionary step was that Arab captains are apt to run past the point which they are making, either from carelessness or owing to a mistake in its identity. Now, as sailors know, it is quite impossible for a dhow that is only rigged to run before the monsoon to beat back against it. Therefore we made our boat ready to row for the rock at any moment.

“Yes, Job,” I said, “perhaps it would be as well. There are plenty of blankets there, only be careful to keep out of the moon, as it may turn your head or blind you.”

“Lord, sir ! I don’t think it would much matter if it did, it is that turned already with the sight of these blackamoors and their filthy, thieving ways. They are only fit for muck, they are ; and they smell bad enough for it already.”

Job, it will be perceived, was no admirer of the manners and customs of our dark-skinned brothers.

Accordingly we hauled up the boat by the tow-rope till it was right under the stern of the dhow, and Job bundled into her with all the grace of a falling sack of potatoes. Then we returned and sat down on the deck again, and smoked and talked in little gusts and jerks. The night was so lovely, and our brains were so full of suppressed excitement of one sort and another, that we did not feel inclined to turn in. For nearly an hour we sat thus, and then, I think, we both dozed off. At least I have a faint recollection of Leo sleepily explaining that the head was not a bad place to hit a buffalo, if you could catch him exactly between the horns, or send your bullet down his throat, or some nonsense of the sort.

I remember no more ; till quite suddenly—a frightful

roar of wind, a shriek of terror from the awakening crew, and a whip-like sting of water in our faces. Some of the men ran to let go the halyards and lower the sail, but the parrel jammed and the yard would not come down. I sprang to my feet and hung on to a rope. The sky aft was dark as pitch, but the moon still shone brightly ahead of us and lit up the blackness. Beneath its sheen a huge white-topped breaker, twenty feet high or more, was rushing on to us. It was on the break—the moon shone on its crest and tipped its foam with light. On it rushed beneath the inky sky, driven by the awful squall behind it. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw the black shape of the whale-boat cast high into the air on the crown of the breaking wave. Then — a shock of water, a wild rush of boiling foam, and I was clinging for my life to the shroud, ay, swept straight out from it like a flag in a gale.

We were pooped.

The wave passed. It seemed to me that I was under water for minutes—really it was seconds. I looked forward. The blast had torn out the great sail, and high in the air it was fluttering away to leeward like a huge wounded bird. Now for a moment there was comparative calm, and in it I heard Job's voice yelling wildly, "Come here to the boat!"

Bewildered and half drowned as I was, I had the sense to rush aft. I felt the dhow sinking beneath me—she was full of water. Under her counter the whale-boat was tossing furiously, and I saw the Arab Mahomed, who had been steering, leap into her. I gave one desperate pull at the taut tow-rope to bring her alongside. Wildly I sprang also; Job caught me by one arm, and I rolled into the bottom of the boat. Down went the dhow bodily, and as she sank Mahomed drew his curved knife and severed the fibre rope by which we were fast to her, and in another second we were

driving before the storm over the place where the dhow had been.

"Great Heaven!" I shrieked, "where is Leo? Leo! Leo!"

"He's gone, sir, God help him!" roared Job into my ear; and such was the fury of the squall that his voice sounded like a whisper.

I wrung my hands in agony. Leo was drowned, and I was left alive to mourn him.

"Look out," yelled Job; "here comes another."

I turned; a second huge wave was overtaking us, which I half hoped would drown me. With a curious fascination I watched its awful advent. The moon was nearly hidden now by the wreaths of the rushing storm, but a little light still caught the crest of the devouring breaker. There was something dark on it—a piece of wreckage. It was on us now, and the boat was nearly full of water. But she was built in air-tight compartments—Heaven bless the man who invented them!—and lifted up through it like a swan. Amidst the foam and turmoil I saw the black thing on the wave hurrying right at me. I put out my right arm to ward it from me, and my hand closed on another arm, the wrist of which my fingers gripped like a vice. I am a very strong man, and had something to hold to, but my shoulder was nearly torn from its socket by the strain and weight of the floating body. Had the rush lasted another two seconds I must either have let go or gone with it. But it passed, leaving us up to our knees in water.

"Bail out! bail out!" shouted Job, suiting the action to the words.

But I could not bail just then, for as the moon went out and left us in total darkness, one faint, flying ray of light lit upon the face of the man I had gripped, who was now half lying, half floating in the bottom of the boat.

It was *Leo*. *Leo*, brought back by the wave—back, dead or alive, from the very jaws of Death.

“Bail out! bail out!” yelled Job, “or we shall founder.”

I seized a large tin bowl with a handle to it, which was fixed under one of the seats, and the three of us bailed away for dear life. The furious tempest drove over and round us, flinging the boat this way and that, the wind and the storm wreaths and the sheets of stinging spray blinded and bewildered us, but through it all we worked like demons with the wild exhilaration of despair, for even despair can exhilarate. One minute! three minutes! six minutes! The boat began to lighten, and no fresh wave swamped us. Five minutes more, and she was almost clear. Then, suddenly, above the awful shriekings of the hurricane, came a duller, deeper roar. Great Heavens! It was the voice of breakers!

At that instant the moon began to shine forth again—this time behind the path of the squall. Out far across the torn bosom of the ocean shot the ragged arrows of her light, and there, half a mile ahead of us, ran a white line of foam, then a little space of open-mouthed blackness, and beyond another streak of white. It was the breakers, and their roar sounded clearer and yet more clear as we sped down upon them like a swallow. There they were, boiling up in snowy spouts of spray, smiting and gnashing their crests together like the gleaming teeth of hell.

“Take the tiller, Mahomed!” I roared in Arabic. “We must try and shoot them.” At the same moment I seized an oar, and got it out, motioning to Job to do likewise.

Mahomed clambered aft and took hold of the tiller, and with some difficulty Job, who had at times pulled a tub upon the homely *Cam*, shipped his oar. In

another minute the boat's head was straight on to the ever-nearing foam, towards which she plunged and tore with the speed of a racehorse. Just in front of us the first line of breakers seemed a little thinner than to the right or left, for here was a gap of rather deeper water. I turned and pointed to it.

"Steer for your life, Mahomed!" I yelled. He was a skilful steersman, and well acquainted with the dangers of this most perilous coast, and I saw him grip the tiller, bend his heavy frame forward, and stare at the foaming terror till his big round eyes looked as though they would start out of his head. The send of the sea was driving the boat's head round to starboard. If we struck the line of breakers fifty yards to starboard of the gap, we must sink, for there was a great field of twisting, spouting waves. Mahomed planted his foot against the seat before him, and, glancing at him, I saw his brown toes spread out like a hand beneath the weight he put upon them as he took the strain of the tiller. She came round a bit, but not enough. I roared to Job to back water, whilst I dragged and laboured at my oar. She answered now, and not too soon.

Heavens, we were in them! And then followed a couple of minutes of heart-breaking excitement such as I cannot hope to describe. All that I remember is a shrieking sea of foam, out of which the billows rose here, there, and everywhere like avenging ghosts from their ocean grave. Once we were whirled right round, but either by chance, or through Mahomed's skilful steering, the boat's head came straight again before a breaker filled us. One more—a monster. We were through it, or over it—more through than over—and then with a wild yell of exultation from the Arab, we shot out between the teeth-like lines of gnashing waves into the comparatively smooth water of the mouth of sea.

But we were nearly full of water again, and not more than half a mile ahead raved the second line of breakers. Again we set to and bailed furiously. Fortunately the storm had now quite gone by, and the moon shone brightly, revealing a rocky headland running half a mile or more out into the sea, of which point these breakers appeared to be a continuation. At any rate, they boiled around its foot. Probably the ridge that formed the headland pushed out into the ocean, only at a lower level, and made the reef also. This bluff terminated in a curious peak that seemed to be not more than a mile away from us. Just as we bailed the boat clear for the second time, Leo, to my immense relief, opened his eyes, remarking that the clothes had tumbled off his bed, and that he supposed it was time to get up for chapel. I told him to shut his eyes and keep quiet, which he did without in the slightest degree realising the position. As for myself, his reference to chapel made me reflect, with a sort of sick longing, on my comfortable rooms at Cambridge. Why had I been such a fool as to leave them? This is a reflection that has often recurred to me since that night, and with an ever-increasing force.

But now again we were drifting down on the breakers, though with lessened speed, for the wind had fallen, and only the current or the tide (it afterwards proved to be the tide) was driving us.

Another minute, and with a dismal howl to Allah from the Arab, a pious ejaculation from myself, and something that was not pious from Job, we were in them. Thereon the performance, down to our final escape, repeated itself, only not quite so violently. Mahomed's skilful steering and the air-tight compartments saved our lives. In five minutes we were through, and drifting—for we were too exhausted to do anything to help ourselves except keep the boat's head straight—

with the most startling rapidity round the headland which I have described.

Round we went with the tide, until we got well under the lee of the point, when suddenly the speed slackened, we ceased to make way, and finally appeared to be in dead water. The storm had passed, leaving a calm, clean-washed sky behind it; the headland intercepted the heavy sea that was occasioned by the squall, and the tide, which had been running so fiercely up the river (for we were now in the mouth of a river), was sluggish as it turned, so we floated at peace, and before the moon went down managed to bail out the boat thoroughly and get her a little ship-shape. Leo was sleeping profoundly, and on the whole I judged it wise not to wake him. It was true he was lying in wet clothes, but the night was now so warm that I thought (and so did Job) that this was not likely to injure a man of his unusually vigorous constitution. Besides, we had no dry change at hand.

Presently the moon went down, and we were left floating on the waters, now only heaving like some troubled woman's breast, with leisure to reflect upon all that we had gone through and all that we had escaped. Job stationed himself at the bow, Mahomed kept his post at the tiller, and I sat on a seat in the middle of the boat close to where Leo was lying.

The moon went slowly down in loveliness; she departed into the depth of the horizon, and long veil-like shadows crept up the sky through which the stars appeared. Soon, however, they too began to pale before a splendour in the east, and the advent of the dawn declared itself in the new-born blue of heaven. Quieter and yet more quiet grew the sea, quiet as the soft mist that brooded on her bosom, and covered up her troubling, as in our tempestuous life the transitory

wreaths of sleep brood upon a pain-racked soul, causing it to forget its sorrow. From the east to the west sped those angels of the Dawn, from sea to sea, from mountain-top to mountain-top, scattering light from breast and wing. On they sped out of the darkness, perfect, glorious ; on, over the quiet sea, over the low coast-line, and the swamps beyond, and the mountains above them ; over those who slept in peace and those who woke in sorrow ; over the evil and the good ; over the living and the dead ; over the wide world and all that breathes or has breathed thereon.

It was a beautiful sight, and yet a sad one, perhaps because of its excess of beauty. The arising sun ; the setting sun ! There we have the symbol and the type of humanity, and of all things with which humanity has to do. On that morning this came home to me with a peculiar force. The sun that rose to-day for us had set last night for eighteen of our fellow-voyagers !—had set everlastingly for eighteen whom we knew !

The dhow had gone down with them ; they were tossing among the rocks and seaweed, so much human drift on the great ocean of Death ! And we four were saved !

They succeed in reaching the ruined city of Kôr, where they meet with strange and sad experiences, ending in the death of She, the mysterious Queen. Ultimately they return to England.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Sir H. Rider Haggard had one great gift as an author—few could equal him in constructing a stirring tale. This chapter is an excellent illustration. Can you mention another?

2. It was sometimes urged that he relied too much on coincidences in his stories. What illustration occurs in this extract?

3. Do you think such a coincidence impossible?

4. Can you quote any *true* incident of which you have read which is quite as remarkable as this one?

5. Write a character-sketch of Job and of Leo.

6. Write in your own words the story of their escape from death.

7. Notice the solemn reflection at the end of the passage. Haggard was by nature deeply religious and thoughtful. Why do these sentences appear quite suitable when they occur?

8. Yet the author possessed a good deal of humour. Give illustrations from the extract.

9. All the survivors owed their lives to Job's suspicions (quite without foundation) of the natives. Construct a story showing how a hunting-party owed their escape from death to the desire of one member to play a practical joke.

10. Write the story of the escape as Job might have told it in a letter.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write the meaning of these words: *Dhow*, *swarthy*, *monsoon*, *iniquitous*, *latitude*, *malaria*, *precautionary*, *hal-yards*, *pious*, *transitory*, *tempestuous*.

2. Comment on these sentences :

"That would be a pretty go, that would."

"Job bundled into the boat with all the grace of a falling sack of potatoes."

"We were pooped."

"She was built in air-tight compartments."

"There they were, boiling up in snowy spouts of spray, smiting and gnashing their crests together."

"Not more than half a mile ahead raved the second line of breakers."

"The storm had passed, leaving a calm, clean-washed sky."

3. SIMILES. Make a list of the Similes employed in this extract, and show why you consider each to be suitable or unsuitable.

4. Add suitable Similes to complete these sentences :

The wind howled and shrieked —.

The lion roared —.

A foam-topped breaker swept on —.

We seized bowls and bailed —.

The steersman gripped the helm —.

5. Add suitable words to complete these Similes and then use them in sentences : *red as —* ; *white as —* ; *black as —* ; *blue as —* ; *keen as —* ; *cold as —* ; *hot as —* ; *gentle as —* ; *strong as —* ; *weak as —*.

6. VOICE. Verbs usually express action. The Verb may refer to some action *performed* by the Subject, or *suffered* by the Subject of the clause. In the first case we say the Verb is in the Active Voice ; in the latter, the Passive Voice.

"I saw the black shape of the whale-boat" (Active).

"We were pooped" (Passive).

Select from this extract a number of examples of Verbs in the Active Voice and in the Passive Voice.

7. Change these sentences from Active to Passive :

"A frightful roar of wind woke us."

"The blast had torn out the great sail."

"A little light still caught the crest of the devouring breaker."

"The furious tempest flung the boat this way and that."

8. Select other sentences from the extract which are in the Active Voice, and turn them into the Passive Voice. Then reverse this exercise.

TOM CORDERY

— MARY RUSSELL MITFORD —

Mary Russell Mitford (1787–1855) is best remembered now by the series of delightful rural sketches which form the volume called *Our Village*. The neighbourhood depicted is near Reading. The essay on Tom Cordery, the poacher, is one of the most charming.

THERE are certain things and persons that look as if they could never die: things of such vigour and hardiness that they seem constituted for an interminable duration, a sort of immortality. An old pollard-oak of my acquaintance used to give me this impression. Never was tree so gnarled, so knotted, so full of crooked life. Garlanded with ivy and woodbine, almost bending under the weight of its own rich leaves and acorns, tough, vigorous, lusty, concentrating as it were the very spirit of vitality into its own curtailed proportions—could that tree ever die? I have asked myself twenty times, as I stood looking on the deep water over which it hung, and in which it seemed to live again—would that strong dwarf ever fall? Alas! the question is answered. Walking by the spot to-day—this very day—there it lay prostrate; the ivy still clinging about it, the twigs swelling with sap, and putting forth already the early buds. There it lay, a victim to the taste and skill of some admirer of British woods, who, with the tact of

Ugo Foscolo (that prince of amateurs) has discovered in the knots and gnarls of the exterior coat the leopard-like beauty which is concealed within the trunk. There it lies, a type of sylvan instability, fallen like an emperor. Another piece of strong nature in a human form used to convey to me exactly the same feeling—and he is gone too! Tom Cordery is dead. The bell is tolling for him at this very moment. Tom Cordery dead! the words seem almost a contradiction. One is tempted to send for the sexton and the undertaker, to undig the grave, to force open the coffin-lid—there must be some mistake. But, alas! it is too true; the typhus fever, that axe which levels the strong as the weak, has hewed him down at a blow. Poor Tom Cordery!

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country, of which I have before made honourable mention; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, enclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised—a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more

than suspected, as being one "who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards." Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M. common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street. Indeed, his especial crony, the head keeper, used sometimes to hint, when Tom, elated by ale, had provoked him by overcrowing, "that a stump was no bad shield, and that to shoot off a hand and a bit of an arm for a blind, would be nothing to so daring a chap as Tom Cordery." This conjecture, never broached till the keeper was warm with wrath and liquor, and Tom fairly out of hearing, seemed always to me a little super-subtle; but it is certain that Tom's new professions did bear rather a suspicious analogy to the old, and the ferrets, and terriers, and mongrels by whom he was surrounded "did really look," as the worthy keeper observed, "fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats and such vermin." So in good truth did Tom himself. Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see by looking at him that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then

deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features ; his very hair was sunburnt too. His costume was generally a smock-frock of no doubtful complexion, dirt-coloured, which hung round him in tatters like fringe, rather augmenting than diminishing the freedom, and, if I may so say, the gallantry of his bearing. This frock was furnished with a huge inside pocket, in which to deposit the game killed by his patrons—for of his three employments, that which consisted of finding hares for the great farmers and small gentry, who were wont to course on the common, was by far the most profitable and most pleasing to him, and to them. . . Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind—the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Nor was his conversation less agreeable to the other part of the company. Servants and masters were equally desirous to secure Tom. Besides his general and professional familiarity with beasts and birds, their ways and doings, a knowledge so minute and accurate, that it might have put to shame many a professed naturalist, he had no small acquaintance with the goings-on of that unfeathered biped called man ; in short, he was, next after Lucy, who recog-

nised his rivalry by hating, decrying, and undervaluing him, by far the best news-gatherer of the countryside. His news he, of course, picked up on the civilised side of the parish (there is no gossiping in the forest), partly at that well-frequented inn the Red Lion, of which Tom was a regular and noted supporter—partly amongst his several employers, and partly by his own sagacity. In the matter of marriages (pairings he was wont to call them), he relied chiefly on his own skill in noting certain preliminary indications; and certainly for a guesser by profession, and a very bold one, he was astonishingly often right. At the alehouse especially he was of the first authority. An air of mild importance, a diplomatic reserve on some points, great smoothness of speech, and that gentleness which is so often the result of conscious power, made him there an absolute ruler. Perhaps the effect of these causes might be a little aided by the latent dread which that power inspired in others. Many an exploit had proved that Tom Cordery's one arm was fairly worth any two on the common. The pommelling of Bob Arlott, and the levelling of Jem Serle to the earth by one swing of a huge old hare (which unusual weapon was by the way the first-slain of Mayflower, on its way home to us in that walking cupboard, his pocket, when the unlucky rencontre with Jem Serle broke two heads, the dead and the living), arguments such as these might have some cogency at the Red Lion.

But he managed everybody, as your gentle-mannered person is apt to do. Even the rude 'squires and rough farmers, his temporary masters, he managed, particularly as far as concerned the beat, and was sure to bring them round to his own peculiar fancies or prejudices, however strongly their own wishes might turn them aside from the direction indicated, and

however often Tom's sagacity in that instance might have been found at fault. Two spots in the large wild enclosures into which the heath had been divided were his especial favourites; the Hundred Acres, *alias* the Poor Allotment, *alias* the Burnt-Common—(do any or all of these titles convey any notion of the real destination of that many-named place? a piece of moorland portioned out to serve for fuel to the poor of the parish)—this was one. Oh, the barrenness of this miserable moor! Flat, marshy, dingy, bare. Here that piece of green treachery, a bog; there parched, and pared, and shrivelled, and black with smoke and ashes; utterly desolate and wretched everywhere, except where amidst the desolation blossomed, as in mockery, the enamelled gentianella. No hares ever came there; they had too much taste. Yet thither would Tom lead his unwary employers; thither, however warned or cautioned, or experienced, would he by reasoning or induction, or gentle persuasion, or actual fraud, entice the hapless gentlemen; and then to see him with his rabble of finders pacing up and down this precious "sitting-ground" (for so was Tom, thriftless liar, wont to call it), pretending to look for game, counterfeiting a meuse; forging a form; and telling a story some ten years old of a famous hare once killed in that spot by his honour's favourite bitch Marygold. I never could thoroughly understand whether it were design, a fear that too many hares might be killed, or a real and honest mistake, a genuine prejudice in favour of the place, that influenced Tom Cordery in this point. Half the one, perhaps, and half the other. Mixed motives, let Pope and his disciples say what they will, are by far the commonest in this parti-coloured world. Or he had shared the fate of greater men, and lied till he believed—a cours-

ing Cromwell, beginning in hypocrisy and ending in fanaticism. Another pet spot was the Gallows-piece, an enclosure almost as large as the Hundred Acres, where a gibbet had once borne the bodies of two murderers, with the chains and bones, even in my remembrance, clanking and creaking in the wind. The gibbet was gone now; but the name remained, and the feeling, deep, sad, and shuddering. The place, too, was wild, awful, fearful; a heathy, furzy spot, sinking into broken hollows, where murderers might lurk; a few withered pines at the upper end, and amongst them, half hidden by the brambles, the stone in which the gallows had been fixed—the bones must have been mouldering beneath. All Tom's eloquence, seconded by two capital courses, failed to drag me thither a second time.

Tom was not, however, without that strong sense of natural beauty which they who live amongst the wildnesses and fastnesses of nature so often exhibit. One spot, where the common trenches on the civilised world, was scarcely less his admiration than mine. It is a high hill, half covered with furze, and heath, and broom, and sinking abruptly down to a large pond, almost a lake, covered with wild water-fowl. The ground richly clothed with wood—oak, and beech, and elm, rises on the other side with equal abruptness, as if shutting in those glassy waters from all but the sky, which shines so brightly in their clear bosom; just in the bottom peeps a small sheltered farm, whose wreaths of light smoke and the white glancing wings of the wild-ducks, as they flit across the lake, are all that give token of motion or of life. I have stood there in utter oblivion of greyhound or of hare, till moments have swelled to minutes, and minutes to hours; and so has Tom, conveying, by his exclamations of delight at its "pleasantness,"

exactly the same feeling which a poet or a painter (for it breathes the very spirit of calm and sunshiny beauty that a master painter loves) would express by different but not truer praise. He called his own home "pleasant" too; and there—though one loves to hear any home so called—there, I must confess, that favourite phrase, which I like almost as well as they who have no other, did seem rather misapplied. And yet it was finely placed, very finely. It stood in a sort of defile, where a road almost perpendicular wound from the top of a steep abrupt hill, crowned with a tuft of old Scottish firs, into a dingle of fern and wild brushwood. A shallow, sullen stream oozed from the bank on one side, and, after forming a rude channel across the road, sank into a dark, deep pool, half hidden amongst the salallows. Behind these salallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand, almost sublime, and above all eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one in a picture would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof, and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation—yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants: . pheasants, partridges, rabbits tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and

mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements ; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half a dozen little hurdled enclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave tokens that it was but a forced and hollow truce, and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field ; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions, the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg as he himself was minus an arm), now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say : the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kittenened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse ! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted, a com-

plete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him ; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms, but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of the new ; complained of children and other bad company ; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom ! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom !

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. *Our Village* was quite a new departure in English literature, and greatly stimulated interest in the countryside. The style is pleasant, easy, friendly, dealing not only with birds, trees, flowers, and scenery in general, but also with household pets and companions, and with human beings. Show that this is so.

2. This adds to the general interest, and the little anecdotes with which Miss Mitford intersperses the sketches help to create the *gossipy* style. Illustrate these points by quotations from the chapter given here.

3. Note the vivid pictures she can paint, *e.g.*, that of the pollard-oak, or Tom Cordery's cottage. Select other examples.

4. This word-painting is partly a result of very close observation. Consider, for instance, her picture of Tom Cordery's dress ; all the essential details are given : the brimless hat, the smock-frock "*of no doubtful complexion*," the huge inside pockets—and each is associated with some fact which helps to create the general impression of Tom's character. Give other examples.

5. There is also a shrewd humour—a very necessary quality if such sketches are to last. What instances of Miss Mitford's humour can you find in this passage ?

6. The writing usually is good. At times she makes a striking contrast, e.g., "*The gentlest of Savages, the wildest of civilised creatures.*" Select other striking sentences.

7. Notice the ending : "*Alas, poor Tom !*" It is a very good closing phrase. Can you explain why ?

8. Write, in your own words, a brief character-sketch of Tom Cordery.

9. After reading this extract, try to obtain a copy of *Field and Hedgerow*, by Richard Jefferies, and read his picture of John Brown in the essay "*My Old Village.*" Compare John Brown and Tom Cordery.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Give the meaning of : *Gnarled, pollard, lusty, typhus, elated, crony, myrmidons, conjecture, cogency, rencontre, reinstate.*

2. Use an Encyclopædia to obtain information on : *Medusa, Ugo Foscolo, Pope, Cromwell, Salvator Rosa.* Explain the references to them.

3. What did the author mean by the following :

"*They seem constituted for an interminable duration, a sort of immortality.*"

"*A victim to the taste and skill of some admirer of British woods.*"

"He kept to windward of the law."

"He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity."

4. Occasionally Miss Mitford uses an incomplete sentence, e.g. *"Walking by the spot to-day, there it lay prostrate."* This should be *"When I walked by . . ."*

Correct the following :

Riding rapidly to the castle, the robbers had disappeared.

Strolling by the beach, the tide was rising.

Labouring night and day, his health grew weak.

5. Summarise the paragraphs beginning (a) *"Nor was his conversation less agreeable . . ."* ; (b) *"But he managed everybody . . ."*

6. Sometimes the Subject of a sentence has an accompanying Noun referring to the same person or thing. This second Noun is said to be in "apposition," and its case would be given as Nominative in apposition. Thus : Charles, *King* of England, was executed. Here "King" is Nominative in apposition. This usage is not very common. Can you find an example in *Tom Cordery* ?

DOWN THE RHINE ON A RAFT

— MARK TWAIN —

This extract is from *A Tramp Abroad*, by the great American humorist, Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens). The book is a most amusing account of a holiday tour through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. One of the most entertaining sections is this account of a trip down the Rhine from Heidelberg on a timber-raft.

A MILE or two above Eberbach we saw a peculiar ruin projecting above the foliage which clothed the peak of a high and very steep hill. This ruin consisted of merely a couple of crumbling masses of masonry which bore a crude resemblance to human faces; they leaned forward and touched foreheads, and had the look of being absorbed in conversation. This ruin had nothing very imposing or picturesque about it, and there was no great deal of it, yet it was called the "Spectacular Ruin."

LEGEND OF THE "SPECTACULAR RUIN"

The captain of the raft, who was as full of history as he could stick, said that in the Middle Ages a most prodigious fire-breathing dragon used to live in that region, and made more trouble than a tax collector. He was as long as a railway train, and had the customary impenetrable green scales all over him. His breath bred pestilence and conflagration, and his appetite bred famine. He ate men and cattle impartially, and was exceedingly unpopular. The German emperor of that day made the usual offer; he would grant to the destroyer of the dragon any

one solitary thing he might ask for ; for he had a surplusage of daughters, and it was customary for dragon-killers to take a daughter for pay.

So the most renowned knights came from the four corners of the earth and retired down the dragon's throat one after the other. A panic arose and spread. Heroes grew cautious. The procession ceased. The dragon became more destructive than ever. The people lost all hope of succour, and fled to the mountains for refuge.

At last, Sir Wissenschaft, a poor and obscure knight, out of a far country, arrived to do battle with the monster. A pitiable object he was, with his armour hanging in rags about him, and his strange-shaped knapsack strapped upon his back. Everybody turned up their noses at him, and some openly jeered him. But he was calm. He simply inquired if the emperor's offer was still in force. The emperor said it was—but charitably advised him to go and hunt hares, and not endanger so precious a life as his in an attempt which had brought death to so many of the world's most illustrious heroes.

But this tramp only asked : “ Were any of these heroes men of science ? ” This raised a laugh, of course, for science was despised in those days. But the tramp was not in the least ruffled. He said he might be a little in advance of his age, but no matter—science would come to be honoured, some time or other. He said he would march against the dragon in the morning. Out of compassion, then, a decent spear was offered him, but he declined, and said “ spears were useless to men of science.” They allowed him to sup in the servants' hall, and gave him a bed in the stables.

When he started forth in the morning, thousands were gathered to see. The emperor said :

“Do not be rash ; take a spear, and leave off your knapsack.”

But the tramp said :

“It is not a knapsack,” and moved straight on.

The dragon was waiting and ready. He was breathing forth vast volumes of sulphurous smoke and lurid blasts of flame. The ragged knight stole warily to a good position, then he unslung his cylindrical knapsack—which was simply the common fire-extinguisher known to modern times—and the first chance he got he turned on his hose and shot the dragon square in the centre of his cavernous mouth. Out went the fires in an instant, and the dragon curled up and died.

This man had brought brains to his aid. He had reared dragons from the egg, in his laboratory ; he had watched over them like a mother, and patiently studied them and experimented upon them while they grew. Thus he had found out that fire was the life principle of a dragon ; put out the dragon’s fires and it could make steam no longer, and must die. He could not put out a fire with a spear, therefore he invented the extinguisher. The dragon being dead, the emperor fell on the hero’s neck and said :

“Deliverer, name your request,” at the same time beckoning out behind with his heel for a detachment of his daughters to form and advance. But the tramp gave them no observance. He simply said :

“My request is, that upon me be conferred the monopoly of the manufacture and sale of spectacles in Germany.”

The emperor sprang aside, and exclaimed :

“This transcends all the impudence I ever heard ! A modest demand, by my halidome ! Why didn’t you ask for the imperial revenues at once, and be done with it ? ”

But the monarch had given his word, and he kept it. To everybody's surprise, the unselfish monopolist immediately reduced the price of spectacles to such a degree that a great and crushing burden was removed from the nation. The emperor, to commemorate this generous act, and to testify his appreciation of it, issued a decree commanding everybody to buy this benefactor's spectacles and wear them, whether they needed them or not.

So originated the widespread custom of wearing spectacles in Germany; and as a custom once established in these old lands is imperishable, this one remains universal in the empire to this day. Such is the legend of the monopolist's once stately and sumptuous castle, now called the "Spectacular Ruin."

On the right bank, two or three miles below the Spectacular Ruin, we passed by a noble pile of castellated buildings overlooking the water from the crest of a lofty elevation. A stretch of two hundred yards of the high front wall was heavily draped with ivy, and out of the mass of buildings within rose three picturesque old towers. The place was in fine order, and was inhabited by a family of princely rank. This castle had its legend, too, but I should not feel justified in repeating it, because I doubted the truth of some of its minor details.

Along in this region a multitude of Italian labourers were blasting away the frontage of the hills to make room for the new railway. They were fifty or a hundred feet above the river. As we turned a sharp corner they began to wave signals and shout warnings to us to look out for the explosions. It was all very well to warn us, but what could *we* do? You can't back a raft upstream, you can't hurry it downstream, you can't scatter out to one side when you haven't any room to speak of, you won't take to the per-

pendicular cliffs on the other shore when they appear to be blasting there too. Your resources are limited, you see. There is simply nothing for it but to watch and pray.

For some hours we had been making three and a half or four miles an hour, and we were still making that. We had been dancing right along until these men began to shout; then for the next ten minutes it seemed to me that I had never seen a raft go so slowly. When the first blast went off we raised our sun-umbrellas and waited for the result. No harm done; none of the stones fell in the water. Another blast followed, and another, and another. Some of the rubbish fell in the water just astern of us.

We ran that whole battery of nine blasts in a row, and it was certainly one of the most exciting and uncomfortable weeks I ever spent, either aship or ashore. Of course we frequently manned the poles and shoved earnestly for a second or so, but every time one of those spurts of dust and *débris* shot aloft every man dropped his pole and looked up to get the bearings of his share of it. It was very busy times along there for a while. It appeared certain that we must perish, but even that was not the bitterest thought; no, the abjectly unheroic nature of the death—that was the sting—that and the bizarre wording of the resulting obituary: “*Shot with a rock on a raft.*” There would be no poetry written about it. None *could* be written about it. Example:

“Not by war’s shock, or war’s shaft—
Shot, with a rock, on a raft.”

No poet who valued his reputation would touch such a theme as that. I should be distinguished as the only “distinguished dead” who went down to the grave unsonneted in 1878.

But we escaped, and I have never regretted it. The

last blast was a peculiarly strong one, and after the small rubbish was done raining around us and we were just going to shake hands over our deliverance, a later and larger stone came down amongst our little group of pedestrians and wrecked an umbrella. It did no other harm, but we took to the water just the same.

It seems that the heavy work in the quarries and the new railway gradings is done mainly by Italians. That was a revelation. We have the notion in our country that Italians never do heavy work at all, but confine themselves to the lighter arts, like organ-grinding, operatic singing, and assassination. We have blundered, that is plain.

As the night shut down, the captain wanted to tie up, but I thought maybe we might make Hirschhorn, so we went on. Presently the sky became overcast, and the captain came aft looking uneasy. He cast his eye aloft, then shook his head, and said it was coming on to blow. My party wanted to land at once, therefore I wanted to go on. The captain said we ought to shorten sail, anyway, out of common prudence. Consequently the larboard watch was ordered to lay in his pole. It grew quite dark now, and the wind began to rise. It wailed through the swaying branches of the trees and swept our decks in fitful gusts. Things were taking on an ugly look. The captain shouted to the steersman on the forward log :

“How’s she heading ? ”

The answer came faint and hoarse from far forward :

“Nor’-east-and-by-nor’—east-by-east, half-east, sir.”

“Let her go off a point ! ”

“Ay-aye, sir ! ”

“What water have you got ? ”

“Shoal, sir. Two foot large, on the stabboard, two and a half scant on the labboard ! ”

“ Let her go off another point ! ”

“ Ay-aye, sir ! ”

“ Forward, men, all of you ! Lively, now ! Stand by to crowd her round the weather corner ! ”

“ Ay-aye, sir ! ”

Then followed a wild running and trampling and hoarse shouting, but the forms of the men were lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingle bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, close to the captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice :

“ Prepare for the worst, sir—we have sprung a leak.”

“ Heavens ! where ? ”

“ Right aft the second row of logs.”

“ Nothing but a miracle can save us. Don't let the men know, or there will be a panic and mutiny ! Lay her in shore, and stand by to jump with the stern-line the moment she touches. Gentlemen, I must look to you to second my endeavours in this hour of peril. You have hats—go forrard and bail for your lives ! ”

Down swept another mighty blast of wind, clothed in spray and thick darkness. At such a moment as this, came from away forward that most appalling of all cries that are ever heard at sea :

“ *Man overboard !* ”

The captain shouted :

“ Hard a-port ! Never mind the man ! Let him climb aboard or wade ashore ! ”

Another cry came down the wind :

“ Breakers ahead ! ”

“ Where away ? ”

“ Not a log's length off her port fore-foot ! ”

We had groped our slippery way forward, and were

now bailing with the frenzy of despair, when we heard the mate's terrified cry, from far aft :

“ Stop that dashed bailing, or we shall be aground ! ”

But this was immediately followed by the glad shout :

“ Land aboard the starboard transom ! ”

“ Saved ! ” cried the captain. “ Jump ashore and take a turn around a tree, and pass the bight aboard ! ”

The next moment we were all on shore weeping and embracing for joy, while the rain poured down in torrents. The captain said he had been a mariner for forty years on the Neckar, and in that time had seen storms to make a man's cheek blanch and his pulses stop, but he had never, never seen a storm that even approached this one. How familiar that sounded ! For I have been at sea a good deal, and have heard that remark from captains with a frequency accordingly.

We framed in our minds the usual resolution of thanks and admiration and gratitude, and took the first opportunity to vote it, and put it in writing and present it to the captain, with the customary speech.

We tramped through the darkness and the drenching summer rain full three miles, and reached “ The Naturalist Tavern,” in the village of Hirschhorn, just an hour before midnight, almost exhausted from hardship, fatigue, and terror. I can never forget that night.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION.

1. It is a strange fact that what one generation considers extremely amusing writing often appears quite dull to the next generation. True humour, however, never fails to please. Such is the humour of Shakespeare or of Charles Dickens. Each succeeding generation has laughed at Falstaff and Nick Bottom, or Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp. Where are these to be found ?

2. The same lasting quality is possessed by some, but not all, that was written by Mark Twain. Some of the best examples are in *A Tramp Abroad*. What other humorous work did he write ?

3. The extract given here contains two excellent examples of *burlesque*—that is, a laughable imitation of some serious literary work, sufficiently like the original to be recognisable as of the same nature, and yet so different as to be ludicrous. In the first case, there is a burlesque of a mediæval legend ; in the second case a burlesque of the conventional account of a great storm. Read them again.

4. What features are particularly ridiculous in the story of the “ Spectacular Ruin ” ?

5. What amuses you in the account of the storm ?

6. Point out the humour underlying these sentences :

(a) “ *This castle had its legend, too, but I should not feel justified in repeating it, because I doubted the truth of some of its minor details.* ”

(b) “ *It was certainly one of the most exciting and uncomfortable weeks I ever spent.* ”

(c) “ *My party wanted to land at once, therefore I wanted to go on.* ”

7. Write, in a style as near the original as you can, a legend to account for the buttons on a man's coat-sleeves.

8. Write a thrilling story on "*Our Shipwreck in the Village Pond.*"

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write the meaning of: *Spectacular, impenetrable, impartially, illustrious, lurid, cavernous, laboratory, monopoly, transcends, testify, imperishable, sumptuous, unsonneted.*

2. A *cylindrical* knapsack means one shaped like a cylinder. What words express the shape of a *circle, triangle, square, rectangle, hexagon, cone, sphere, globe?*

3. Combine into one sentence each of the following groups:

(a) "*A panic arose and spread. Heroes grew cautious. The procession ceased. The dragon became more destructive than ever.*"

(b) "*It grew quite dark now, and the wind began to rise. It wailed through the swaying branches of the trees, and swept our decks in fitful gusts. Things were taking on an ugly look.*"

4. Punctuate:

Youre an american I think yes I am an american I knew it I can always tell them what ship did you come over in the holsatia we came in the batavia cunard you know what kind of a passage did you have tolerably rough so did we the captain said hed hardly ever seen it rougher where are you from new england so am I.

[You will find this conversation in *A Tramp Abroad*, chap. xxvii.]

5. Condense the story of the shipwreck to (a) twelve lines; (b) six lines.

6. The Verb "to be" takes a Nominative Case after it as well as before it. Thus :

"I am *she*," not "I am *her*."

"These are *they*," not "These are *them*."

Correct :

"*Regardless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's him.'*"

"*'Who is there?' 'Me.'*"

"*Those three were them.*"

"*Whom is it you desire?*"

"*Who do you desire?*"

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

— LORD LYTTON —

These stirring pages are from *The Last Days of Pompeii*, a fine novel by Lord Lytton. The scene of the story is Pompeii in the year A.D. 79. The hero of the book, Glaucus, a young Athenian, loves Ione. Ione is the beautiful ward of a wise but evil man, Arbaces, who also loves her. By a cunning stratagem he contrives to have Glaucus accused of murder, and the Greek is condemned to fight with a lion in the great amphitheatre. The gladiatorial contests take place on what proves to be the last day of Pompeii. Following a series of fierce combats, Glaucus is at last brought into the arena; but just then, the plot of Arbaces is made known by the agency of a blind slave, Nydia, whom Glaucus has befriended, and the great company in the splendid amphitheatre shout "Arbaces to the lion!"

IN despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted, with a voice of thunder,

which stilled the roar of the crowd ; “ behold how the gods protect the guiltless ! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers ! ”

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree ; the trunk, blackness—the branches, fire !—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare !

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere. and wild prophets of the wrath to come !

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women ; the men stared at each other, but were dumb, At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet ; the walls of the theatre trembled : and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs ; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent ; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone ! Over the crushing vines—over the desolate streets—over the amphitheatre itself—far and wide—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea—fell that awful shower !

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces ; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden

shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

Glaucus succeeds in rescuing Ione, with the help of the blind girl, and they endeavour to reach the sea.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the

watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade ; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapours were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way ; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach ; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved ; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames ; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavoured to place rows of torches ; but these rarely continued long ; the showers and the

winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land ; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild—haggard—ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise ; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilisation were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation !

Through this awful scene did the Athenian make his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward ; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was

still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps—in vain. they could not discover her—it was evident she had been swept along some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost ! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend ? all was rayless to them—a maze without a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

“ Alas ! alas ! ” murmured Ione, “ I can go no farther ; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest !—beloved, fly ! and leave me to my fate ! ”

“ Hush, my betrothed ! my bride ! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee ! Yet, whither—oh ! whither, can we direct ourselves through the gloom ? Already it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago.”

“ O gods ! yon rock—see, it hath riven the roof before us ! It is death to move through the streets ! ”

“ Blessed lightning ! See, Ione—see ! the portico of the Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it ; it will protect us from the showers.”

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labour gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers ! The

beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time !

“ Who is there ? ” said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. “ Yet, what matters ?—the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes.”

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus : and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes—the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple—and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed couched beneath the pillars ; and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them—the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man ; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept nearer and nearer to the gladiator, as for companionship ; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes ; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand ; they imagined now that the Day had come.

“ Woe ! woe ! ” cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. “ Behold ! the Lord descendeth to judgment ! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men ! Woe ! woe ! ye strong and mighty ! Woe to ye of the fasces and the

purple ! Woe to the idolater and the worshipper of the beast ! Woe to ye who pour forth the blood of saints, and gloat over the death-pangs of the sons of God ! Woe ! woe ! ”

And with a loud and deep chorus the troop chanted forth along the wild horrors of the air—“ Woe ! woe ! woe ! ”

The Nazarenes paced slowly on, their torches still flickering in the storm, their voices still raised in menace and solemn warning till, lost amid the windings in the streets, the darkness of the atmosphere and the silence of death again fell over the scene.

There was one of the frequent pauses in the showers, and Glaucus encouraged Ione once more to proceed. Just as they stood hesitating, on the last step of the portico, an old man, with a bag in his right hand and leaning upon a youth, tottered by. The youth bore a torch. Glaucus recognised the two as father and son—miser and prodigal.

“ Father,” said the youth, “ if you cannot move more swiftly I must leave you, or we *both* perish ! ”

“ Fly, boy, then, and leave thy sire ! ”

“ But I cannot fly to starve ; give me thy bag of gold ! ” And the youth snatched at it.

“ Wretch ! wouldst thou rob thy father ? ”

“ Ay ! who can tell the tale in this hour ? Miser, perish ! ”

The boy struck the old man to the ground, plucked the bag from his relaxing hand, and fled onward with a shrill yell.

“ Ye gods ! ” cried Glaucus : “ are ye blind, then, even in the dark ? Such crimes may well confound the guiltless with the guilty in one common ruin. Ione, on !—on ! ”

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At

the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress : yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts, where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents, cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around ; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain ; its rushing winds ; its whirling torrents ; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapours, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fibre of the frame.

“ Oh, Glaucus ! my beloved ! my own !—take me to thy arms ! One embrace ! let me feel thy arms around me—and in that embrace let me die—I can no more ! ”

“ For my sake, for my life—courage, yet, sweet Ione—my life is linked with thine : and see—torches—this way ! Lo ! how they brave the wind ! Ha ! they live through the storm—doubtless, fugitives to the sea !—we will join them.”

As if to aid and reanimate the lovers, the winds and showers came to a sudden pause ; the atmosphere was profoundly still—the mountain seemed at rest, gathering, perhaps, fresh fury for its next burst ; the torch-bearers moved quickly on. “ We are nearing the sea,” said, in a calm voice, the person at their head. “ Liberty and wealth to each slave who survives this day ! Courage !—I tell you that the gods themselves have assured me of deliverance—On ! ”

Redly and steadily the torches flashed full on the eyes of Glaucus and Ione, who lay trembling and exhausted on his bosom. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers, heavily laden ; in front of them—a drawn sword in his hand—towered the lofty form of Arbaces.

“ By my fathers ! ” cried the Egyptian, “ Fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and, amidst the dreadest aspects of woe and death, bodes me happiness and love. Away, Greek ! I claim my ward, Ione ! ”

“ Traitor and murderer ! ” cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe, “ Nemesis hath guided thee to my revenge !—a just sacrifice to the shades of Hades, that now seem loosed on earth. Approach—touch but the hand of Ione, and thy weapon shall be as a reed—I will tear thee limb from limb ! ”

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire ! Its summit seemed riven in two ; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide ; but, *below*, the nether part of the mountain

was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurtling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated !

The slaves shrieked aloud, and, cowering, hid their faces. The Egyptian himself stood transfixed to the spot, the glow lighting up his commanding features and jewelled robes. High behind him rose a tall column that supported the bronze statue of Augustus ; and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire !

With his left hand circled round the form of Ione—with his right arm raised in menace, and grasping the stilus which was to have been his weapon in the arena, and which he still fortunately bore about him, with his brow knit, his lips apart, the wrath and menace of human passions arrested, as by a charm, upon his features, Glaucus fronted the Egyptian !

Arbaces turned his eyes from the mountain—they rested on the form of Glaucus ! He paused a moment : “ Why,” he muttered, “ should I hesitate ? Did not the stars foretell the only crisis of imminent peril to which I was subjected ? Is not that peril past ?

“ The soul,” cried he aloud, “ can brave the wreck of worlds and the wrath of imaginary gods ! By that soul will I conquer to the last ! Advance, slaves !—Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head ! Thus, then, I regain Ione ! ”



"Thy blood be on thine own head!"

He advanced one step—it was his last on earth ! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar !—the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue—then shivered bronze and column ! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed !—The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled !

The sound—the shock, stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illumined the scene—the earth still slid and trembled beneath ! Ione lay senseless on the ground ; but he saw her not yet—his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge fragments of the shattered column—a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair ! The eyes shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled ; the lips quivered and grinned—then sudden stillness and darkness fell over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten !

So perished the wise Magician—the great Arbaces—the Hermes of the Burning Belt—the last of the royalty of Egypt !

Nydia managed again to find Glaucus and Ione, and together, guided by the blind girl, they reached the sea ; and finding there a boat, sailed away to safety.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Lord Lytton's novels were extremely popular during his lifetime, but the popularity of most of them has passed away. *The Last Days of Pompeii*, however, still holds its place as a novel of great power and intense interest. It is not difficult to explain this, for the plot is excellent, some of the characters are very well drawn, and the writing has many merits. What are the features which usually account for the continued life of any book?
2. The scene was such as Lytton loved, for there is always something rather *theatrical* in his style—a love of dramatic situations, a portrayal of startling events. And no author, loving the dramatic and terrible, could desire a more striking subject than the overthrow of Pompeii. Show that this is so.
3. What other terrible events in the world's history seem to you to afford subjects for thrilling novels? Make a short list and try to find out if any of these have been chosen by great writers.
4. Notice how skilfully the author arranges the stage for his drama: First, the great gathering in the amphitheatre, then the impending doom of Glaucus—the betrayal of the plot and the imminent destruction of Arbaces—and finally, like a thunderbolt, the eruption of Vesuvius and the wild panic of the people. Take each of these, and show how the author has carefully prepared the reader for it.
4. In his description of the overthrow of the city, Lytton was not relying entirely on his imaginative powers. One of those who actually escaped was a scholar called Pliny, and his letters describing the events are still in existence. Can you obtain a copy from your Library? If so, carefully compare his account with Lord Lytton's.

5. This extract is full of dramatic scenes such as Lytton loved, *e.g.*, the picture of Arbaces, faced with death, solemnly pointing to the mountain. Make a list of others. Which do you consider the most thrilling? Why?

6. Notice also how close packed with details are some of the most thrilling paragraphs; for instance, the sequence of events in the sixth paragraph: the shrieks, the shaking of the earth, the trembling of the walls, the crash of roofs, the rolling cloud, the showers of ashes. To gain the effect of terror in this way is extremely good writing. Find other examples, and set out the details in order.

7. But at times Lord Lytton tried to get effect by rather pompous sentences without much thought behind them, *e.g.*, "*Then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness like the ghost of their own life.*"

Can you find other examples? In this extract there are not many.

8. Write in your own words the episode of the miser and his son.

9. Write a letter, as from Glaucus to a friend, describing your escape.

10. The escape of Glaucus and Ione was due to Nydia. She loved Glaucus because he had befriended her. Write an essay on "*Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.*"

11. Who were the Nazarenes? Write in your own words the story of this episode.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Lytton is not an easy writer. You will need, for this, extract, to make full use of the Dictionary and an Encyclopædia.

Make a list of the words which are new to you, with their meanings.

2. Write notes on : *Pompeii, Vesuvius, Orcus, Nemesis, Hades, Phlegethon, Augustus.*

3. Explain :

“ *Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come.*”

“ *It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon.*”

“ *The whole elements of civilisation were broken up.*”

“ *Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation.*”

“ *Woe to ye of the fasces and the purple !*”

“ *The surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white.*”

4. Like all writers with great descriptive powers, Lytton selects his Adjectives with great care. Note, for example, these : *The rolling and rushing crowd ; a strange and awful apparition ; ineffable dismay ; a dull and dying red.*

Make a list of twenty other instances.

5. Summarise the first passage (i.e. as far as *Noon*) in twenty lines. Reduce this to ten lines.

6. Analyse :

“ *The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass.*”

“ *The boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses.*”

“ *While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple.*”

“ *They had long believed that the last day was at hand.*”

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

— *SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE* —

PART I

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?”

The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner :

“ And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen.
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young !
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time ! a weary time !
 How glazed each weary eye !
 When, looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist ;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
 And still it neared and neared :
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
 Agape they heard me call :
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !),
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud),
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
" The game is done ! I've won ! I've won ! "
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white :
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
 (And I heard nor sign nor groan),
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
 They fled to bliss or woe !
 And every soul, it passed me by
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow ! ”

PART IV

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
 I fear thy skinny hand !
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide ;
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway
 A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes :
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire :
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam ; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare :
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware :
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh, sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life ;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen ;
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side ;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"

"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest :

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go,
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean :
 But in a minute she 'gan stir
 With a short, uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound ;
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare ;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air.

'Is it he ?' quoth one, 'Is this the man ?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew :
 Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.'

PART VI

First Voice :

‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ? ’

Second Voice :

‘ Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.’

First Voice :

‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ? ’

Second Voice :

‘ The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
’Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows, a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made :
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bar was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 It was a heavenly sight !
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast :
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
 It is the Hermit good !
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood,
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
 He loves to talk with mariners
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
That rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
' Why, this is strange, I trow :
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? '

' Strange, by my faith ! ' the Hermit said—
' And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

' Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.'—' Push on, push on ! '
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'Oh, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

Oh, Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. A great literary critic said of Coleridge that all he wrote worth remembering could be gathered into a very small volume, but that the volume should be bound in gold. The best of his poems are *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*. The first was published in 1798 in a volume called *Lyrical Ballads*. Most of these were written by Wordsworth, but some were contributed by Coleridge. The publication of this volume is considered to mark a new stage in the history of English poetry. It broke completely away from the formal and artificial poems of the eighteenth century, and brought back the qualities of romance, wonder, and joy in Nature. Discuss these statements.

2. The story of the Ancient Mariner is strange and eerie. Write it briefly in prose.

3. Write a fuller account of the meeting between the Wedding Guest and the Ancient Mariner.

4. Give in prose the conversation between the two voices in the air.

5. The charm of this poem does not lie chiefly in its story, strange as it is, but rather in the beauty of the language. No English poet has surpassed—none perhaps has equalled—Coleridge's power of writing sweet, musical lines. Having read the poem right through for the story, read it again aloud, more slowly, noticing the choice of words, the descriptive power, and the Similes.

First, the choice of words : note the charming alliteration, particularly in the verse :

*“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”*

Every important word here begins with *f*, *b*, or *s*.
Find other examples.

6. Further, notice that almost all the words are of one syllable. This gives the whole poem an atmosphere of simplicity which is pleasing. In reality it is much more difficult to write in this way than to use longer words.

Copy out all the verses you can find in which every word is a monosyllable.

7. Then observe how wonderfully vivid and yet how terse are the descriptions, *e.g.*, the tropical sunset :

*“ The sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark.”*

A whole page could add nothing to that description of the rapidity of nightfall in the tropics. Select and copy out other striking descriptive passages.

8. Some of these descriptions are almost terrifying, *e.g.*, that of the two on board the phantom ship, and of the phantom ship itself. Select other illustrations.

9. Then notice how striking are the Similes, *e.g.* :

“ *Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious Sun uprist,*”

or the terrifying picture of the walker on a lonely road who

“ *Having once looked round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*”

Quote other examples.

10. At times the agony of the Mariner wrings the reader’s heart :

“ *Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea !*”

Or again :

“ *And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.*”

What other passages have this expression of intense suffering ?

11. Notice in these passages the telling use of *repetition*. Quote instances of Coleridge’s use of repetition.

12. Moreover, Coleridge chooses words always with a sense of fitness. Take, for instance, the lines :

“ *The moving moon went up the sky
And nowhere did abide.*”

If we substitute any other word for *abide*, the line is spoilt. Try the effect of putting in *stop*, *stay*, *halt*, *remain*.

Quote other lines where the choice of words seems very fine.

13. Notice also that Coleridge has used—intentionally—certain archaic words, partly because they are beautiful in sound, and partly to give the poem a strange atmosphere,

e.g., *clomb*, *uprist*. Notice how much sweeter these are than the usual words *climbed*, *uprose*. Can you find other illustrations ?

14. Write an essay on :

*“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small.”*

“ WE HAVE OVERTHROWN THE PROUD ”

— LEW WALLACE —

Ben-Hur, from which this thrilling passage is taken, is a great historical story of the days of Christ. Ben-Hur was a wealthy Jewish boy, living in Jerusalem with his mother and sister. While watching the entry of the Roman Governor, he accidentally loosened a tile which struck the Governor. By the agency of Messala, a former friend but now a bitter enemy, he was seized, accused of attempted murder, and sentenced to the galleys. It is touching to read how, on a toilsome march, the wretched lad was succoured in Nazareth by Christ, then a boy. Years passed ; in a desperate sea-fight, Ben-Hur saved the life of the Roman general and became his adopted son, and on his death, his heir. Returning to the East, he obtained further wealth from his father's steward, Simonides. At Antioch, he learned that a great chariot race was to take place, and Messala was one of the competitors. It chanced that an old sheik had a team of matchless Arab steeds, but could find no driver skilful enough to handle them. But Ben-Hur befriended the sheik, and convinced him that he could drive the team—his aim being to win the race and at the same time to revenge himself on Messala.

THE Circus at Antioch stood on the south bank of the river, nearly opposite the island, differing in no respect from the plan of such buildings in general.

In the purest sense, the games were a gift to the public, consequently, everybody was free to attend ; and, vast as the holding capacity of the structure was, so fearful were the people, on this occasion, lest there should not be room for them, that, early the day

before the opening of the exhibition, they took up all the vacant spaces in the vicinity, where their temporary shelter suggested an army in waiting.

At midnight the entrances were thrown wide, and the rabble, surging in, occupied the quarters assigned to them, from which nothing less than an earthquake or an army with spears could have dislodged them. They dozed the night away on benches, and breakfasted there; and there the close of the exercises found them, patient and sight-hungry as in the beginning.

The better people, their seats secured, began moving towards the Circus about the first hour of the morning, the noble and very rich among them distinguished by litters and retinues of liveried servants. By the second hour, the efflux from the city was a stream unbroken and innumerable.

Exactly as the gnomon of the official dial up in the citadel pointed the second hour half gone, the legion, in full panoply, and with all its standards on exhibit, descended from Mount Sulpius; and when the rear of the last cohort disappeared in the bridge, Antioch was literally abandoned—not that the Circus could hold the multitude, but that a multitude was gone out to it, nevertheless.

A great concourse on the river shore witnessed the consul come over from the island in a barge of state. As the great man landed, and was received by the legion, the martial show for one brief moment transcended the attraction of the Circus.

At the third hour, the audience, if such it may be termed, was assembled: at last, a flourish of trumpets called for silence, and instantly the gaze of over a hundred thousand persons was directed towards a pile forming the eastern section of the building.

There was a basement first, broken in the middle

by a broad arched passage, called the *Porta Pompæ*, over which, on an elevated tribunal magnificently decorated with insignia and legionary standards, the consul sat in the place of honour. On both sides of the passage the basement was divided into stalls termed *carceres*, each protected in front by massive gates swung to statuesque pilasters. Over the stalls next was a cornice crowned by a low balustrade; back of which the seats arose in theatre arrangement, all occupied by a throng of dignitaries superbly attired. The pile extended the width of the Circus, and was flanked on both sides by towers which, besides helping the architects, gave grace to their work, served the *velaria*, or purple awnings, stretched between them so as to throw the whole quarter in a shade that became exceedingly grateful as the day advanced.

This structure, it is now thought, can be made useful in helping the reader to a sufficient understanding of the arrangement of the rest of the interior of the Circus. He has only to fancy himself seated on the tribunal with the consul, facing to the west, where everything is under his eye. On the right and left, if he will look, he will see the main entrances, very ample, and guarded by gates hinged to the towers. Directly below him is the arena—a level plane of considerable extent, covered with fine white sand. There all the trials will take place except the running.

Looking across this sanded arena westwardly still, there is a pedestal of marble supporting three low conical pillars of grey stone, much carven. Many an eye will hunt for those pillars before the day is done, for they are the first goal, and mark the beginning and end of the race-course. Behind the pedestal, leaving a passage-way and space for an altar, commences a wall ten or twelve feet in breadth, and five

or six in height, extending thence exactly two hundred yards, or one Olympic stadium. At the farther, or westward extremity of the wall there is another pedestal, surmounted with pillars which mark the second goal.

The racers will enter the course on the right of the first goal, and keep the wall all the time to their left. The beginning and ending points of the contests lie, consequently, directly in front of the consul across the arena ; and for that reason his seat was admittedly the most desirable in the Circus.

Now if the reader, who is still supposed to be seated on the consular tribunal over the Porta Pompæ, will look up from the ground arrangement of the interior, the first point to attract his notice will be the marking of the outer boundary line of the course—that is, a plain-faced, solid wall, fifteen or twenty feet in height, with a balustrade on its cope, like that over the *carceres*, or stalls, in the east. This balcony, if followed round the course, will be found broken in three places to allow passages of exit and entrance, two in the north, and one in the west ; the latter very ornate, and called the Gate of Triumph, because, when all is over, the victors will pass out that way, crowned, and with triumphal escort and ceremonies.

At the west end the balcony encloses the course in the form of a half-circle, and is made to uphold two great galleries.

Directly behind the balustrade on the coping of the balcony is the first seat, from which ascend the succeeding benches, each higher than the one in front of it ; giving to view a spectacle of surpassing interest—the spectacle of a vast space ruddy and glistening with human faces, and rich with vari-coloured costumes. The commonalty occupy quarters over in the west, beginning at the point of termination of an awning,

stretched, it would seem, for the accommodation of the better classes exclusively.

Having thus the whole interior of the Circus under view at the moment of the sounding of the trumpets, let the reader next imagine the multitude seated and sunk to sudden silence, and motionless in its intensity of interest. Out of the Porta Pompæ over in the east rises a sound mixed of voices and instruments harmonised. Presently, forth issues the chorus of the procession with which the celebration begins; the editor and civic authorities of the city, givers of the games, follow in robes and garlands; then the gods, some on platforms borne by men, others in great four-wheel carriages gorgeously decorated; next them, again, the contestants of the day, each in costume exactly as he will run, wrestle, leap, box, or drive.

Slowly crossing the arena, the procession proceeds to make circuit of the course. The display is beautiful and imposing. Approval runs before it in a shout, as the water rises and swells in front of a boat in motion.

The reception of the athletes is even more demonstrative, for there is not a man in the assemblage who has not something in wager upon them, though but a mite or farthing. And it is noticeable, as the classes move by, that the favourites among them are speedily singled out: either their names are loudest in the uproar, or they are more profusely showered with wreaths and garlands tossed to them from the balcony.

If there is a question as to the popularity with the public of the several games, it is now put to rest. To the splendour of the chariots and the super-excellent beauty of the horses, the charioteers add the personality necessary to perfect the charm of their display. Their tunics, short, sleeveless, and of the finest woollen texture, are of the assigned colours.

A horseman accompanies each one of them except Ben-Hur, who, for some reason—possibly distrust—has chosen to go alone ; so, too, they are all helmeted but him. As they approach, the spectators stand upon the benches, and there is a sensible deepening of the clamour, in which a sharp listener may detect the shrill piping of women and children ; at the same time, the things roseate flying from the balcony thicken into a storm, and, striking the men, drop into the chariot-beds, which are threatened with filling to the tops. Even the horses have a share in the ovation ; nor may it be said they are less conscious than their masters of the honours they receive.

Very soon, as with the other contestants, it is made apparent that some of the drivers are more in favour than others ; and then the discovery follows that nearly every individual on the benches, women and children as well as men, wears a colour, most frequently a ribbon upon the breast, or in the hair : now it is green, now yellow, now blue ; but, searching the great body carefully, it is manifest that there is a preponderance of white, and scarlet and gold.

In a modern assemblage called together as this one is, particularly where there are sums at hazard upon the race, a preference would be decided by the qualities or performance of the horses ; here, however, nationality was the rule. If the Byzantine and Sidonian found small support, it was because their cities were scarcely represented on the benches. On their side, the Greeks, though very numerous, were divided between the Corinthian and the Athenian, leaving but a scant showing of green and yellow. Messala's scarlet and gold would have been but little better had not the citizens of Antioch, proverbially a race of courtiers, joined the Romans by adopting the colour of their favourite. There were left then the country people,

or Syrians, the Jews, and the Arabs ; and they, from faith in the blood of the sheik's four, blent largely with hate of the Romans, whom they desired, above all things, to see beaten and humbled, mounted the white, making the most noisy, and probably the most numerous, faction of all.

As the charioteers move on in the circuit, the excitement increases ; at the second goal, where, especially in the galleries, the white is the ruling colour, the people exhaust their flowers and rive the air with screams.

“ Messala ! Messala ! ” “ Ben-Hur ! Ben-Hur ! ”

Such are the cries.

Upon the passage of the procession, the factionists take their seats and resume conversation.

“ Ah, by Bacchus ! was he not handsome ? ” says a woman, whose Romanism is betrayed by the colours in her hair.

“ And how splendid his chariot ! ” replies a neighbour. “ It is all ivory and gold. Jupiter grant he wins ! ”

The notes on the bench behind them were entirely different. “ A hundred shekels on the Jew ! ” The voice is high and shrill.

“ Nay, be thou not rash,” whispers a moderating friend to the speaker. “ The children of Jacob are not much given to Gentile sports, which are too often accursed in the sight of the Lord.”

“ True, but saw you ever one more cool and assured ? And what an arm he has ! ”

“ And what horses ! ” says a third.

“ And for that,” a fourth one adds, “ they say he has all the tricks of the Romans.”

A woman completed the eulogium.

“ Yes, and he is even handsomer than the Roman.”

Thus encouraged, the enthusiast shrieks again, “ A hundred shekels on the Jew ! ”

“ Thou fool ! ” answers an Antiochian, from a bench well forward on the balcony. “ Knowest thou not there are fifty talents laid against him, six to one, on Messala ? Put up thy shekels, lest Abraham rise and smite thee.”

“ Ha, ha ! thou ass of Antioch ! Cease thy bray. Knowest thou not it was Messala betting on himself ! ”

And so ran the controversy, not always good-natured.

When at length the march was ended and the Porta Pompæ received back the procession, Ben-Hur knew he had his prayer.

The eyes of the East were upon his contest with Messala.

About three o'clock, speaking in modern style, the programme was concluded except the chariot-race. The editor, wisely considerate of the comfort of the people, chose that time for a recess. At once the *vomitoria* were thrown open, and all who could hastened to the portico outside where the restaurateurs had their quarters. Those who remained yawned, talked, gossiped, consulted their tablets, and all distinctions else forgotten, merged into but two classes—the winners, who were happy, and the losers, who were grim and captious.

Now, however, a third class of spectators, composed of citizens who desired only to witness the chariot-race, availed themselves of the recess to come in and take their reserved seats ; by so doing they thought to attract the least attention and give the least offence. Among these were Simonides and his party, whose places were in the vicinity of the main entrance on the north side, opposite the consul.

The newcomers generally were yet making their first examination of the great spectacle, beginning

with the consul and his attendants, when some workmen ran in and commenced to stretch a chalked rope across the arena from balcony to balcony in front of the pillars of the first goal.

About the same time, also, six men came in through the Porta Pompæ and took post, one in front of each occupied stall; whereat there was a prolonged hum of voices in every quarter.

"See, see! The green goes to number four on the right; the Athenian is there."

"And Messala—yes, he is in number two."

"The Corinthian——"

"Watch the white! See, he crosses over, he stops; number one it is—number one on the left."

"No, the black stops there, and the white at number two."

"So it is."

These gate-keepers, it should be understood, were dressed in tunics coloured like those of the competing charioteers; so when they took their stations, everybody knew the particular stall in which his favourite was that moment waiting.

Presently Sanballat came to the party.

"I am just from the stalls, O Sheik," he said, bowing gravely to Ilderim, who began combing his beard, while his eyes glittered with eager inquiry. "The horses are in perfect condition."

Ilderim replied simply, "If they are beaten, I pray it be by some other than Messala."

At length the recess came to an end. The trumpeters blew a call at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time, some attendants appeared in the arena, and, climbing upon the division wall, went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature

there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

“ What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O Sheik ? ” asked Balthasar.

“ Hast thou never attended a race ? ”

“ Never before ; and hardly know why I am here.”

“ Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down.”

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and every face in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp, whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward ; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men ; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, “ Down ! down ! ”

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours ; and up the vast assemblage arose electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited !—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games !

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun ; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

The line was stretched for the purpose of equalising the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended ; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race ; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly ; and all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light ; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable ; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope ? Or if he should not give it in time ?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away ! or his

mind wander ! or a rein slip ! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony ! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice ; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it ; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-grey granite walls ; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala’s rich with ivory and gold ; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles ; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed ; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now, contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force ; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses,

let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly ; and, with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows ; heaven help where there are no pleasures !

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race ; and who dared yield ? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career ; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable, a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us ! Jove with us !" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the foreleg of the Athenian's right hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror ; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us !" screamed Drusus frantically.

"He wins ! Jove with us !" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them ; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four ; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds : a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

“ A hundred sestertii on the Jew ! ” he cried.

“ Taken ! ” answered Drusus.

“ Another hundred on the Jew ! ” shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He cried again ; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, “ Messala ! Messala ! Jove with us ! ”

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car ; another party were taking off the man himself ; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands ; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman ! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on ; the souls of the racers were in it ; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the

light in the arena ; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur, characteristic of the fine patrician face, was there of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased ; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly ; cruel, cunning, desperate ; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cause, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy ! Prize, friends, wagers, honour—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part ; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again ; no impulse to fling himself upon fortune ; he did not believe in fortune ; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall ; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt ; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest) ; and it suggested, what more Roman-

like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sesterii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were

bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognised him ; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

“Down Eros, up Mars !” he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—“Down Eros, up Mars !” he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened, up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus : then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love ; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly ; and, as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death ?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well ? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea ? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power ? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and

called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn ; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only : on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared. And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded : still Messala held the inside position ; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side ; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamour continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work.

Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning. There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew." The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling.

"The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth;

their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion ; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best ! How long could they keep the pace ? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound : they screamed and howled, and tossed their colours ; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come ; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it ; but, lo ! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur. Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp ; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces ; yet when the turn was finished, no man looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars could have said, Here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim

the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendour of God, friend, they have not been running! But now, watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

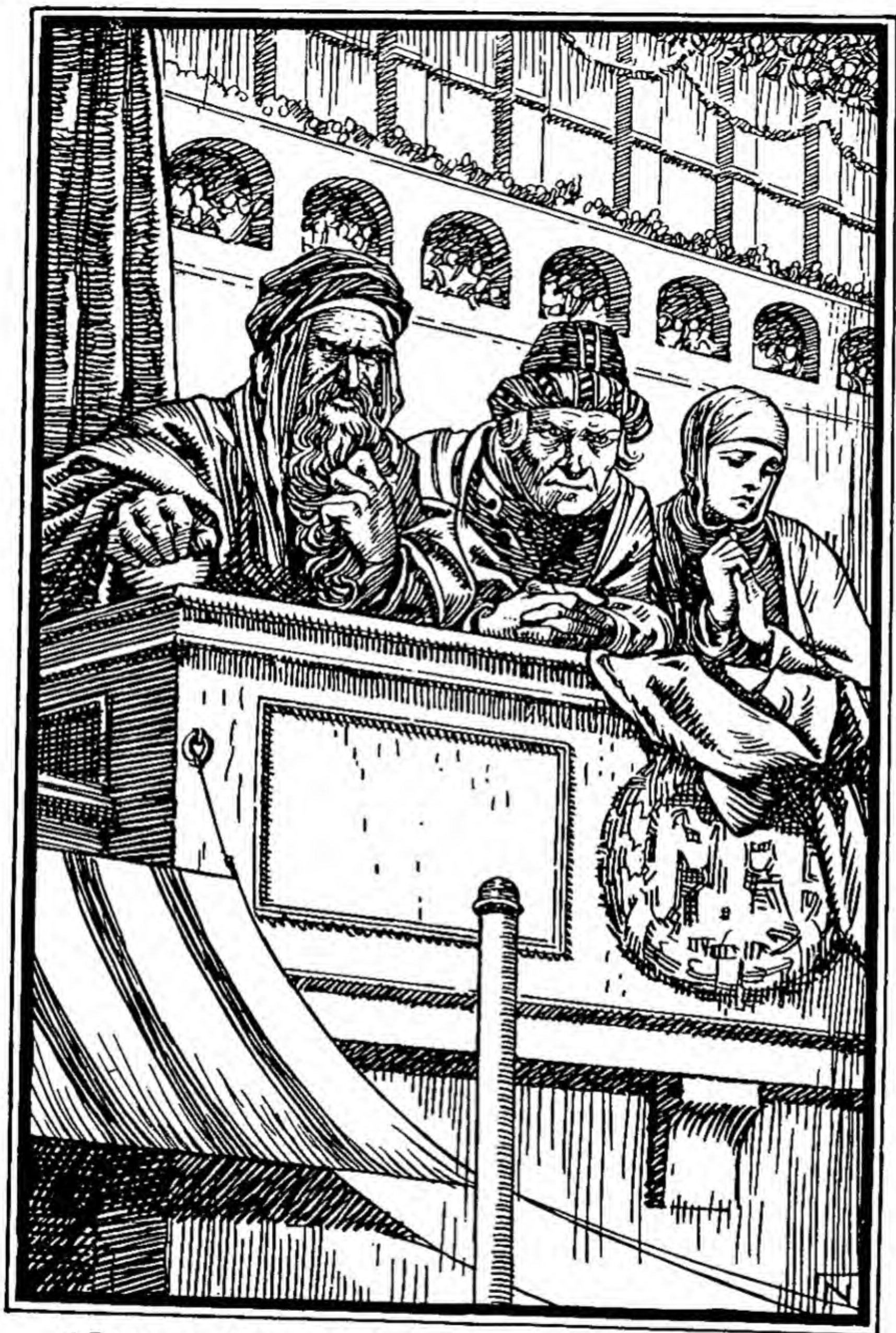
"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favour descended in fierce injunctions. "Speed thee, Jew!" "Take the wall now!" "On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!" "Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course, and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman



"I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design."

genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him ! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs, and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand ; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again ; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report ; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will ; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, and dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

“ On, Atair ! On, Rigel ! What, Antares ! dost thou linger now ? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran ! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory !—and the song will never end. Well done ! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home ! On, Antares ! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting ! 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! Ha, ha ! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory ! Ha, ha !—steady ! The work is done—soho ! Rest ! ”

There had never been anything of the kind more simple ; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was

moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction ; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all : they saw the signal given—the magnificent response ; the four close outside Messala’s outer wheel ; Ben-Hur’s inner wheel behind the other’s car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman’s chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth ; another and another ; then the car went to pieces ; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove ; then over the Roman, and into the latter’s four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still ; they thought him dead ; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala’s wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it ; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolu-

tion, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

In the later pages of *Ben-Hur*, you will read how the young Jew's mother and sister, who had become lepers, were healed by Christ; how Ben-Hur became a follower of Jesus, and how he married Esther.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. *Ben-Hur* is a book worth reading very carefully, though certain chapters are rather difficult. But your trouble will be well repaid. No great book can be read hastily or "skipped." *Ben-Hur* is full of wonderful pictures of the period: the galley-fight, the race, the fight in the lonely palace. Especially beautiful is the scene where the young Ben-Hur, a prisoner in the hands of the Romans, is succoured by the boy Christ in the village of Nazareth; and the account of the Crucifixion of Christ is very vividly and powerfully written. You should read these.

2. Some books contain chapters which have become a model of description of particular events. Thus Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* contains the best account ever written of a tournament; Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth* has an unequalled picture of the inns of mediæval Europe; and the extract given here from *Ben-Hur* is the finest account in literature of a chariot-race. Read them.

3. Read the descriptions very carefully. Sketch the arena.

4. Set out the rules guiding the competitors, numbering them 1, 2, etc.

5. Who were the competitors ? How were they to be recognised ?

6. Why did Ben-Hur so keenly desire to conquer Messala ?

7. What was his plan ?

8. A misfortune, undeserved, may sometimes prove to be a blessing in disguise. How did Ben-Hur, in the race, profit by the fact that he had endured the cruel life of a galley-slave ?

9. Write briefly in your own words the story of the race.

10. Notice Ben-Hur's call to the steeds. It is a wonderful piece of writing, which must be read aloud to bring out its force. Try to write a similar one supposed to be the call of a lifeboat coxswain to the rowers.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. There are many difficult words in this extract. These are a selection : Vacant, temporary, vicinity, gnomon, *efflux*, *innumerable*, *tribunal*, insignia, pedestal, ornate, roseate, ovation, *preponderance*, eulogium, *perspective*, *irrepressible*, *execrations*, *involuntary*, *indignity*, *entablature*.

Make a full list, with meanings.

Show the force of the prefixes in the italicised words.

2. With the help of an Encyclopædia (or a Classical Dictionary) write notes on : *Antioch*, *Athens*, *Byzantium*, *Corinth*, *Sidon*, *a legion*, *a cohort*, *the consul*, *the Olympic stadium*, *a sheik*, *shekels*, *sestertii*.

3. *Ben* in a Jewish name means “ son of.” So in Norman-French there was *Fitz* ; in Gaelic, *Mac* or *O* ; in Welsh,

Ap ; in several northern languages, *sen* or *son* ; in Slav languages, *sky*.

What is the origin of the names *Johnson*, *Petersen*, *O'Neill*, *Macdonald*, *Pritchard*, *Fitzwilliam*, *Pavlovsky* ?

4. Punctuate, and then test by the book :

On atair on rigel what antares dost thou linger now good horse oho aldebaran I hear them singing in the tents I hear the children singing and the women singing of the stars of atair antares rigel aldebaran victory and the song will never end well done home to-morrow under the black tent home on antares the tribe is waiting for us and the master is waiting tis done tis done ha ha we have overthrown the proud.

5. Write in the present tense the paragraph beginning :

" If it were true that Messala . . . "

6. Give the Tense, Voice, and Mood of the Verbs in the following sentences [Remember that the Subjunctive implies doubt] :

" If there is a question as to the popularity of the games, it is now put to rest."

" If the Byzantine and Sidonian found small support, it was because their cities were scarcely represented."

" The racers will enter the course on the right of the first goal."

" Put up thy shekels, lest Abraham rise and smite thee."

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

— JULIA WARD HOWE —

In 1861 a great conflict broke out in the United States, the Northern States being determined that the slaves should be freed, and the Southern States refusing to agree. All the great poets were against slavery, and these fine lines by Julia Ward Howe express well their fiery earnestness.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift
sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling
camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel :
As ye deal with my contemners so My grace with you
shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel !
Since God is marching on !

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat :

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment seat ;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ; be jubilant,
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me :

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Read the poem aloud, noticing the vigour and swing of the lines : it is a true "marching song." It is better still if sung by a number of voices.

2. Explain the allusions :

"*Trampling out the vintage.*"

"*The Hero who shall crush the serpent.*"

"*Sifting out the hearts of men before the judgment seat.*"

These are all Biblical allusions. Consult Isaiah lxiii. 1-3 ; Genesis iii. 15 ; St. Matthew xxv. 31.

3. Notice the metaphor, "*Be jubilant, my feet.*" Though bold, it is excellent. Try to explain why. Compare "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings*" (Isaiah lii. 7).

4. Try to write in prose a paraphrase of the poem.

5. What incidents from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* can you recall that make you feel the greatness of the cause for which this was written ?

6. Read Longfellow's *Anti-Slavery Poems* ; J. R. Lowell's *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves* and *The Present Crisis* ; Whittier's *Massachusetts to Virginia* ; and Walt Whitman's *O Captain, My Captain*.

7. Write an essay on this line of a fourteenth-century poet.

“ *O Freedom is a noble thing.* ”

Section II

GENERAL EXERCISES

1. Write the following in verse :

(a) “ *Chain down your slaves with ignorance ye cannot keep apart with all your craft of tyranny the human heart from heart when first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore the word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.* ”

(b) “ *He's true to God who's true to man wherever wrong is done to the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun that wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base whose love of right is for themselves and not for all the race.* ”

(These verses are from Lowell's poems.)

2. Write a paraphrase of the following verses from Whittier's *Massachusetts to Virginia* :

“ Look to it well, Virginians ! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn ;
You've spurned our kindest counsels ; you've hunted for our lives ;
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves.

“ But for us and our children, the vow which we have given
 For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven ;
 No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand ;
 No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land.”

3. What metaphors are employed in this poem ?

4. What examples of vigorous use of Adjectives can you find here ?

THE MOST INTERESTING DAY IN ALL MY LIFE

— WILLIAM COBBETT —

William Cobbett (1766–1835) was a remarkable man. Soldier, farmer, and author, he was a great champion of the labourers, and a fearless critic of the government. He took long rides throughout England, and wrote accounts of his experiences. This is an extract from one ride. It must be remembered this was before the days of railways

AT Bower I got instructions to go to Hawkley, but accompanied with most earnest advice not to go that way, for that it was impossible to get along. The roads were represented as so bad ; the floods so much out ; the hills and bogs so dangerous ; that, really, I began to *doubt* ; and, if I had not been brought up amongst the clays of the Holt Forest and the bogs of the neighbouring heaths, I should certainly have turned off to my right, to go over Hindhead, great as was my objection to going that way. “ Well, then,” said my friend at Bower, “ if you *will* go that way, you must go down *Hawkley Hanger* ;” of which he then gave me *such* a description ! But, even this I found to fall short of the reality. I inquired simply, whether

people were in the habit of going down it ; and, the answer being in the affirmative, on I went through green lanes and bridle-ways till I came to the turnpike-road from Petersfield to Winchester, which I crossed, going into a narrow and almost untrodden green lane, on the side of which I found a cottage. Upon my asking the way to *Hawkley*, the woman at the cottage said, " Right up the lane, Sir : you'll come to a *hanger* presently : you must take care, Sir : you can't ride down : will your horses *go alone* ? "

On we trotted up this pretty green lane ; and, indeed, we had been coming gently and generally uphill for a good while. The lane was between highish banks and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end ; so that, out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger ! And never, in all my life, was I so surprised and so delighted ! I pulled up my horse, and sat and looked ; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant, to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him. His surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this route, had said not a word about beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery. These hangers are woods on the sides of very steep hills. The trees and underwood *hang*, in some sort, to the ground, instead of *standing on* it. Hence these places are called *Hangers*. From the summit of that which I had now to descend, I looked down upon the villages of Hawkley, Greatham, Selborne, and some others.

From the south-east, round, southward, to the north-

west, the main valley has cross-valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very steep, and, in many parts, covered with wood. The hills that form these cross-valleys run out into the main valley, like piers into the sea. Two of these promontories, of great height, are on the west side of the main valley, and were the first objects that struck my sight when I came to the edge of the hanger, which was on the south. The ends of these promontories are nearly perpendicular, and their tops so high in the air, that you cannot look at the village below without something like a feeling of apprehension. The leaves are all off, the hop-poles are in stack, the fields have little verdure ; but, while the spot is beautiful beyond description even now, I must leave to imagination to suppose what it is, when the trees and hangers and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright, and the hops upon the poles !

From the south-west, round, eastward, to the north, lie the *heaths*, of which Woolmer Forest makes a part, and these go gradually rising up to Hindhead, the crown of which is to the north-west, leaving the rest of the circle (the part from north to north-west) to be occupied by a continuation of the valley towards Headley, Binstead, Frensham, and the Holt Forest. So that even the *contrast* in the view from the top of the hanger is as great as can possibly be imagined. Men, however, are not to have such beautiful views as this without some trouble. We had had the view ; but we had to go down the hanger. We had, indeed, some roads to get along, as well as we could, afterwards ; but we had to get down the hanger first. The horses took the lead, and crept partly down upon their feet and partly upon their hocks. It was extremely slippery too ; for the soil is a sort of marle, or, as they call it here, maume, or mame, which is, when wet, very much like *grey soap*. In such a case it was likely that I should

keep in the rear, which I did, and I descended by taking hold of the branches of the underwood, and so letting myself down. When we got to the bottom, I bade my man, when he should go back to Uphusband, tell the people there, that *Ashmansworth Lane* is not the *worst* piece of road in the world. Our worst, however, was not come yet, nor had we by any means seen the most novel sights.

After crossing a little field and going through a farm-yard, we came into a lane, which was, at once, road and river. We found a hard bottom, however; and when we got out of the water, we got into a lane with high banks. The banks were quarries of white stone, like Portland-stone, and the bed of the road was of the same stone; and, the rains having been heavy for a day or two before, the whole was as clean and as white as the steps of a fund-holder or dead-weight doorway in one of the Squares of the *Wen*. Here were we, then, going along a stone road with stone banks, and yet the underwood and trees grew well upon the tops of the banks. In the solid stone beneath us, there were a horse-track and wheel-tracks, the former about three and the latter about six inches deep. How many, many ages it must have taken the horses' feet, the wheels, and the water, to wear down this stone, so as to form a hollow way! The horses seemed alarmed at their situation; they trod with fear; but they took us along very nicely, and, at last, got us safe into the indescribable dirt and mire of the road from Hawkley Green to Greatham. Here the bottom of all the land is this solid white stone, and the top is that *mame*, which I have before described. The hop-roots penetrate down into this stone. How deep the stone may go I know not; but, when I came to look up at the end of one of the piers, or promontories, mentioned above, I found that it was all of this same stone.

At Hawkley Green, I asked a farmer the way to Thursley. He pointed to one of two roads going from the green ; but it appearing to me, that that would lead me up to the London road and over Hindhead, I gave him to understand that I was resolved to get along, somehow or other, through the "low countries." He besought me not to think of it. However, finding me resolved, he got a man to go a little way to put me into the Greatham road. The man came, but the farmer could not let me go off without renewing his entreaties, that I would go away to Liphook, in which entreaties the man joined, though he was to be paid very well for his trouble.

Off we went, however, to Greatham. I am thinking whether I ever did see *worse* roads. Upon the whole, I think I have ; though I am not sure that the roads of New Jersey, between Trenton and Elizabeth-Town, at the breaking up of winter, be worse. Talk of *shows*, indeed ! Take a piece of this road ; just a cut across, and a rod long, and carry it up to London. That would be something like a *show* !

Upon leaving Greatham we came out upon Woolmer Forest. Just as we were coming out of Greatham, I asked a man the way to Thursley. "You *must* go to *Liphook*, Sir," said he. "But," I said, "I *will not* go to *Liphook*." These people seemed to be posted at all these stages to turn me aside from my purpose, and to make me go over that *Hindhead*, which I had resolved to avoid. I went on a little farther, and asked another man the way to Headley, which, as I have already observed, lies on the western foot of Hindhead, whence I knew there must be a road to Thursley (which lies at the North-East foot) without going over that miserable hill. The man told me that I must go across the *forest*. I asked him whether it was a *good* road : "It is a *sound* road," said he, laying a weighty emphasis upon

the word *sound*. "Do people go it?" said I. "Ye—es," said he. "Oh, then," said I, to my man, "as it is a *sound* road, keep you close to my heels, and do not attempt to go aside, not even for a foot." Indeed, it was a *sound* road. The rain of the night had made the fresh horse tracks visible. And we got to Headley in a short time, over a sand-road, which seemed so delightful after the flints and stone and dirt and sloughs that we had passed over and through since the morning! This road was not, if we had been benighted, without its dangers, the forest being full of quags and quick-sands.

The soil of this tract is, generally, a black sand, which, in some places, becomes *peat*, which makes very tolerable fuel. In some parts there is clay at bottom; and there the *oaks* would grow; but not while there are *hares* in any number on the forest. If trees be to grow here, there ought to be no hares, and as little hunting as possible.

We got to Headley, the sign of the Holly-Bush, just at dusk, and just as it began to rain. I had neither eaten nor drunk since eight o'clock in the morning; and as it was a nice little public-house, I at first intended to stay all night, an intention that I afterwards very indiscreetly gave up. I had *laid my plan*, which included the getting to Thursley that night. When, therefore, I had got some cold bacon and bread, and some milk, I began to feel ashamed of stopping short of my *plan*, especially after having so heroically persevered in the "stern path," and so disdainfully scorned to go over Hindhead. I knew that my road lay through a hamlet called *Churt*, where they grow such fine *bennet-grass* seed. There was a moon; but there was also a hazy rain. I had heaths to go over, and I might go into quags. Wishing to execute my plan, however, I at last brought myself to quit a very

comfortable turf-fire, and to set off in the rain, having bargained to give a man three shillings to guide me out to the Northern foot of Hindhead. I took care to ascertain that my guide knew the road perfectly well ; that is to say, I took care to ascertain it as far as I could, which was, indeed, no farther than his word would go. Off we set, the guide mounted on his own or master's horse, and with a white smock frock, which enabled us to see him clearly. We trotted on pretty fast for about half an hour ; and I perceived, not without some surprise, that the rain, which I knew to be coming from the *South*, met me full in the face, when it ought, according to my reckoning, to have beat upon my right cheek. I called to the guide repeatedly to ask him if he was *sure that he was right*, to which he always answered, " Oh yes, Sir, I know the road." I did not like this, "*I know the road.*" At last, after going about six miles in nearly a Southern direction, the guide turned short to the left. That brought the rain upon my right cheek, and, though I could not very well account for the long stretch to the South, I thought that, at any rate, we were *now* in the right track ; and, after going about a mile in this new direction, I began to ask the guide *how much farther we had to go* ; for I had got a pretty good soaking, and was rather impatient to see the foot of Hindhead. Just at this time, in raising my head and looking forward as I spoke to the guide, what should I see but a long, high, and steep *hanger* arising before us, the trees along the top of which I could easily distinguish ! The fact was, we were just getting to the outside of the heath and were on the brow of a steep hill, which faced this hanging wood. The guide had begun to descend, and I had called to him to stop ; for the hill was so steep that, rain as it did and wet as my saddle must be, I got off my horse in order to walk down. But now, behold, the fellow discovered that he

had lost his way!—Where we were I could not even guess. There was but one remedy, and that was to get back, if we could. I became guide now ; and did as Mr. Western is advising the Ministers to do, *retraced* my steps. We went back about half the way that we had come, when we saw two men, who showed us the way that we ought to go. At the end of about a mile, we fortunately found the turnpike-road ; not, indeed, at the *foot*, but on the *tip-top* of that very Hindhead, on which I had so repeatedly *vowed* I would not go ! We came out on the turnpike some hundred yards on the Liphook side of the buildings called *the Hut* ; so that we had the whole of three miles of hill to come down at not much better than a foot pace, with a good pelting rain at our backs.

It is odd enough how differently one is affected by the same sight, under different circumstances. At the "*Holly Bush*" at Headley there was a room full of fellows in white smock frocks, drinking and smoking and talking, and I, who was then dry and warm, *moralized* within myself on their *folly* in spending their time in such a way. But, when I got down from Hindhead to the public-house at Road-Lane, with my skin soaking and my teeth chattering, I thought just such another group, whom I saw through the window sitting round a good fire with pipes in their mouths, the *wisest assembly* I had ever set my eyes on. A real *Collective Wisdom*. And, I most solemnly declare, that I felt a greater veneration for them than I have ever felt even for the *Privy Council*.

It was now but a step to my friend's house, where a good fire and a change of clothes soon put all to rights, save and except the having come over Hindhead after all my resolutions. This mortifying circumstance ; this having been *beaten*, lost the guide the *three shillings* that I had agreed to give him. "Either," said I, "you

did not know the way well, or you did : if the former, it was dishonest in you to undertake to guide me : if the latter, you have wilfully led me miles out of my way." He grumbled ; but off he went. He certainly deserved nothing ; for he did not know the way, and he prevented some other man from earning and receiving the money. But, had he not caused me to *get upon Hindhead*, he would have had the three shillings. I had, at one time, got my hand in my pocket ; but the thought of having been *beaten* pulled it out again.

Thus ended the most interesting day, as far as I know, that I ever passed in all my life. Hawkley-hangers, promontories, and stone-roads will always come into my mind when I see, or hear of, picturesque views. I forgot to mention that, in going from Hawkley to Greatham, the man, who went to show me the way, told me at a certain fork, " That road goes to *Selborne*." This put me in mind of a book, which was once recommended to me, but which I never saw, entitled "*The History and Antiquities of Selborne*" (or something of that sort), written, I think, by a parson of the name of *White*, brother of Mr. *White*, so long a Bookseller in Fleet-street. This parson had, I think, the living of the parish of Selborne. The book was mentioned to me as a work of great curiosity and interest.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Cobbett had a remarkable career: farm-boy, soldier, journalist, Member of Parliament, imprisoned because of the vehemence of his writings, twice tried for sedition, a fearless advocate of the cause of the poor, delivering furious attacks on his opponents, often mistaken, but never mean or despicable—together, one of the most striking figures in the early nineteenth century. Look up his career, and write a brief summary of it.

2. Like many of our great literary men, his power as a writer owed practically nothing to education or early advantages. He educated himself from books. As a mere lad he went without his dinner to spend his only threepence on Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. In this lack of early opportunities he was like Bunyan, Burns, James Hogg, John Clare, Charles Dickens. Write a short biography of each.

3. Cobbett was very outspoken, and could write of nothing without dragging in his political views. Quote instances from this extract.

4. He had a genuine, if rather surly, humour. Select examples from this account.

5. Note the simplicity of the style:

"On we trotted up this pretty green lane; when we got to the bottom, I bade my man, when he should go back to Uphusband, tell the people there that Ashmansworth Lane is not the worst piece of road in the world."

Select and transcribe the paragraph which seems to you to be at once the simplest and most vivid passage of the extract.

6. This simplicity of style usually characterises a writer who owes little to education. Select a passage from *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Clare's *Poems*, to illustrate this.

7. Is a simple, direct style characteristic *only* of such writers? Give reasons for your answer.

8. Write a conversation which you imagine might have taken place between Cobbett and the man who directed him to Thursley, following the outline given in the text.

9. Obtain a good map of Hampshire and trace out Cobbett's route, and all the places mentioned here. [Uphusband is Hurstbourne Tarrant; the *Wen* is London. Cobbett hated London.]

10. Note the curious reference to Gilbert White's famous book *The Natural History of Selborne*. Do you think Cobbett was greatly interested in natural history?

11. Had he much love for scenery?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. "*The roads were represented as so bad; the floods so much out; the hills and bogs so dangerous.*"

Write this in the words of the person who told Cobbett these facts.

2. Summarise Cobbett's account of the scenery, beginning "*From the summit of that which I had now to descend . . .*"

3. Write a summary of his journey, setting it out in stages, with a brief statement of his experience in each stage.

4. Write synonyms for: *Inquired, delighted, surprise, strenuously, apprehension, novel, intention, indiscreetly.*

5. Analyse the following sentences:

"*Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this route, had said not a word about beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery.*"

"*When we got to the bottom, I bade my man, when he should go back to Uphusband, tell the people there, that Ashmansworth Lane is not the worst piece of road in the world.*"

6. In these sentences, classify the words into the various parts of speech ; in the case of Nouns and Pronouns, give their Number, Person, and Gender ; in the case of Verbs, give their Tense, Voice, and Mood ; and in the case of Adjectives, state whether they are in the Positive, Comparative, or Superlative Degree.

A CONSECRATION

— JOHN MASEFIELD —

NOT of the princes and prelates with periwigged
charioteers

Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the
years,

Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed
in with the spears ;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it
dies,

Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running
into their eyes.

Not the be-medalled Commander, beloved of the
throne,

Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are
blown,

But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be
known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of
the road,

The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on
with the goad,

The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the
clout,

The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune
to the shout,

The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired look-out.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the
mirth,

The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth ;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of
the earth !

Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold ;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain
and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told.

AMEN.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This noble poem is the Prologue to the poet's *Salt Water Ballads*. It is a fine dedication of the author's powers to the service of the despised and unfortunate. Can you give other instances of writers who have worked for the cause of the unfortunate ?

2. The poet did not scorn the general or other person of high rank and office. Why do you think he did not choose to write of them ?

3. The poem is a recognition of the services rendered to the world by unknown workers. Read also Conan Doyle's *The Frontier Line* and *A Ballad of the Ranks*, and Patrick MacGill's *Heroes*. Write an essay on the part played by unknown pioneers in exploration and empire-building.

4. Why was "An Unknown Warrior" buried in Westminster Abbey? Try to find out the inscription on his tomb.

5. This poem will remind many people of some features of The Scottish National War Memorial in Edinburgh. Try to find out what they are.

6. Write in prose the substance of *A Consecration*.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Give the meaning of: *Prelates, laurelled, koppie, ranker, goad, chantyman, halliards, portly, potentates, dross, scum.*

2. What examples of alliteration can you find in the poem?

3. Explain the phrases: *The fat of the years; the tattered battalion; the be-medalled Commander; riding cock-horse to parade; the chantyman bent at the halliards; potentates goodly in girth; a handful of ashes; a mouthful of mould.*

4. The poem abounds in Metaphors. For example, do you think the second verse refers only to soldiers? Make a list of the Metaphors you can find, and explain each.

FROM THE LIBRARY

JOSEPH CONRAD.	.	<i>A Typhoon.</i>
"	.	<i>Lord Jim.</i>
"	.	<i>Romance.</i>
SOMERVILLE AND ROSS	.	<i>Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.</i>
"	.	<i>The Irish R.M. and his Experiences.</i>
"	.	<i>In Mr. Knox's Country.</i>
OLIVER GOLDSMITH	.	<i>The Vicar of Wakefield.</i>
"	.	<i>Poems.</i>
H. D. THOREAU	.	<i>Walden.</i>
ROBERT BROWNING	.	<i>Shorter Poems.</i>
SAMUEL PEPYS	.	<i>School Edition of the Diary.</i>
CHARLES LAMB	.	<i>Essays of Elia.</i>
GEORGE BORROW	.	<i>Lavengro.</i>
"	.	<i>The Romany Rye.</i>
"	.	<i>The Bible in Spain.</i>
CHARLES READE	.	<i>The Cloister and the Hearth.</i>
"	.	<i>It is Never Too Late to Mend.</i>
SIR T. MALORY	.	<i>Le Morte d'Arthur.</i>
JEROME K. JEROME	.	<i>Three Men in a Boat.</i>
"	.	<i>Three Men on the Bummel.</i>
MICHAEL SCOTT	.	<i>Tom Cringle's Log.</i>
"	.	<i>The Cruise of the "Midge."</i>
TOM HOOD	.	<i>Poems.</i>
CHARLES DICKENS	.	<i>Pickwick Papers.</i>
"	.	<i>Oliver Twist.</i>
"	.	<i>The Old Curiosity Shop.</i>



FROM THE LIBRARY

(continued)

RIDER HAGGARD	.	<i>She.</i>
"	.	<i>Ayesha.</i>
"	.	<i>King Solomon's Mines.</i>
"	.	<i>Allan Quatermain.</i>
"	.	<i>Allan's Wife.</i>
"	.	<i>Lysbeth.</i>
MARK TWAIN	.	<i>A Tramp Abroad.</i>
"	.	<i>The Innocents Abroad.</i>
LORD LYTON	.	<i>The Last Days of Pompeii.</i>
"	.	<i>Harold.</i>
"	.	<i>The Last of the Barons.</i>
A. TROLLOPE	.	<i>The Warden.</i>
"	.	<i>Barchester Towers.</i>
R. D. BLACKMORE	.	<i>Lorna Doone.</i>
"	.	<i>Springhaven.</i>
"	.	<i>The Maid of Sker.</i>
LEW WALLACE	.	<i>Ben-Hur.</i>
WILLIAM COBBETT	.	<i>Rural Rides.</i>
JOHN MASEFIELD	.	<i>Salt Water Ballads.</i>
"	.	<i>Jim Davis.</i>
"	.	<i>Gallipoli.</i>
C. G. D. ROBERTS	.	<i>Kindred of the Wild.</i>
"	.	<i>More Kindred of the Wild.</i>
"	.	<i>The Feet of the Furtive.</i>
"	.	<i>Haunters of the Silences.</i>
"	.	<i>Watchers of the Trails.</i>
"	.	<i>Kings in Exile.</i>